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Seventh of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine, OR MONTHLY CALENDAR, OF THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

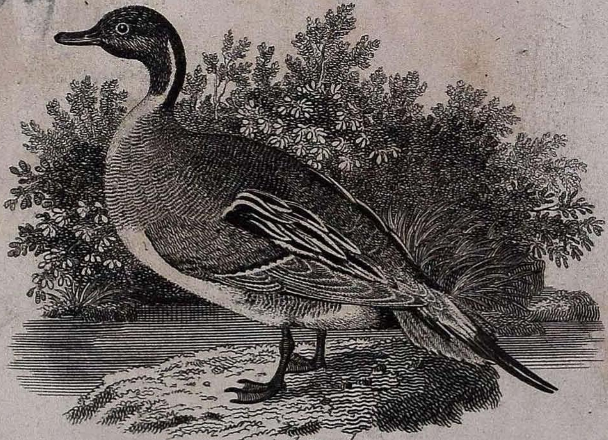
And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize, & Spirit.

VOL. 27.

1384



Pintail Duck.

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London.

Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.

1806.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

CONTAINING

Portrait of Will Dean........*Page* 3
Staveley's Pedigree.............. 3
The D— of Y— at Newmarket.... 3
Ferocious Stag.................. 4
Row at Covent Garden Theatre.... 4
Single Stick Playing.......... 5
Cricket Matches—Kent and Bexley. 8
Surry and England.............. 8
The Complete Grazier; or, Farmer and Cattle-Dealer's Assistant.... 9
Fate of an Old Sportsman......... 10
A Ramble from Farnham to Hinehead and back to Farnham...... 12
The Poor Sailor................ 12
The Biter bit.................. 13
Biography—Francis Moore....... 14
Anecdote of Dr. W. of Camden Town 20
Pump or Perish................. 21
Donky Race and Gingling Match at Brighton 22
Extract from a Journal of an Excursion to the Hartz Mountains..... 23
Dead Horse and his Skin......... 27
Satirical Remarks on Spectacles and Diversions of the English.........28
Blood Horses, &c.............. 31
Sporting Intelligence Extra 33
Croydon Fair—Pickpocket's Slang. 34
Pugilism—Game Chicken and Gulley 35
Crib and Richmond the Black...... 38
Perkins and Ballinger........... 38
Unexpected Metamorphosis...... 39
Lost Pointer Restored.......... 40
Russian Hunting or Horn Music... 40
Feast of Wit—Anecdote of Lord Ellenborough 41
Irish definition of a Witling...... 41
Hint to Bell Ringers............ 42
Sporting Intelligence—Coursing.... 43
Greyhound Matches in Scotland.... 43
Sale of Horses and Hounds at Thornville Royal............ 43
Boxing—Black Jemmy and Gurling 46
Segary and a private belonging to the Oxford Blues.............. 46
Fatal Instance of over exertion..... 47
Celerity of an Ass.............. 47
Rowing Matches—Mr. Edward Humphries and Mr. George Shepherd. 47
Tims and Kitley................. 47
New Invented Marine Spencer..... 48

POETRY.

The Old Hunter Pounded......... 49
The Cry of the Horn........... 51
The Donkey.................. 51
Ballad...................... 51
The Sprig of Shelelagh......... 52
Mr. Dawson.................. 52
Racing Calender............... 1

Embellished with, I. A Portrait of Will Dean, Huntsman.—II. An Engraving of the Lost Pointer Restored.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several Articles which have been deemed temporary, have obliged us to defer a variety of Communications till next Month.

Some of A. B.'s Prose Articles in our next.

A number of Poetical Communications are received, and will appear without delay.

Venandi Cupidus is received. His Elegant Translation from Oppian shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Will Dean, Huntsman, to W.m Mellish Esq.r

Pub. Nov. 1. 1808. by J. Wheble, Warwick Square

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1805.

PORTRAIT OF WILL DEAN.

AGED 80, huntsman to the late Joseph Mellish, Esq. and since his death to his nephew, William Mellish, Esq.

The article intended to illustrate the plate here given not being ready when necessary to put this part of our Miscellany to press, we are compelled to defer the particulars till next month.

STAVELEYS PEDIGREE, &c.

HE was bred by Mr. William Fletcher, of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, and got by that speedy Racer and Stallion, SHUTTLE; his dam, (also bred by Mr. Fletcher) by Drone; his grandam, (bred by the late William Cornforth, Esq.) by Match'em; great grandam, Jocasta, by Mr. Cornforth's Forester, out of an own sister to Young Cade, and to the dam of Mr. Shafto's Hunter, Omnium, Herald, Miss Barforth, &c. STAVELEY's dam is also the dam of Harefoot; and his grandam was the dam of Trimbush, Compass, Camperdown, Malta, Crafty, &c. STAVELEY has started only three times, and has won the Produce Stakes at Catterick Bridge; the Three years Old Stakes at York Spring Meeting; and the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster:—He has since been matched to run on the first day of Brighton Races, 1806, giving his year to Mr. D. Boyce's Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st. each, to start at the Turn, and run a mile homewards, for 200gs.

THE D— OF Y— AT NEWMARKET.

A Letter taken from a Newspaper.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE retired many years from the *Jockey Club*, and *Newmarket*, after having witnessed as many of the *crossings* and *jostlings* of those scenes as most men upon the Turf of my day. It took me in the head, however, to attend the last meeting, partly to see a horse run that I had bred, and partly to behold the revolutions which time must have made in the faces of my old friends, and the *science* of their amusements. As I alighted from my chaise, Lord ——, taking me by the arm, told me in a whisper, "that a certain Royal Duke had *returned to the turf*, and was then in the stand." "That's impossible," said I, "for my newspaper of this morning announced that his Royal Highness was just arrived on the coast, for the minute inspection of some new military posts!" My noble friend broke off our colloquy with an "*Ecce Homo!*" when I certainly beheld his Highness descend, and mount his horse, accompanied by his Grace of Rutland!

Having seen the race, and shook hands with a few *gentlemanly black-legs*,

legs, who had formerly given me much heartier *squeezes*, I rode homewards, Mr. Editor, ruminating on the extraordinary event of this day, but into the real cause of which I had not time to inquire. Perhaps some *Sporting* correspondent of the present day may inform you more fully on this curious subject. If it arose from the honourable motive of *wiping off old scores*, that might have been morally meritorious; but even this would not wipe away from my mind the imprudence, at such a moment, of a great commander of the *Blood Royal* quitting his Staff, and the inspection of the *tented field*, to review the exploits of *Blood Horses*, or to regain a lost position on the ruinous plains of *Newmarket!*

Old GODOLPHIN.

Hog Magog Hills, Oct 17.

A FEROCIOUS STAG.

THE ferocity of the stag at rutting time has just been displayed in the most fatal manner on the person of Mr. Edward Horwood, a farmer of respectability, who rented a large estate under Paul Wathen, Esq. at Lyppiatt Park, in Gloucestershire, and who, on his return home some nights ago through that gentleman's park, was winded by one of the two large stags kept there, and attacked with a degree of fury which soon baffled all resistance, though attempted for some time with a large stick, which the farmer held, and plied with all his vigour, till overpowered and trampled down, the raging animal, bellowing hideously all the while, butted and gored the unfortunate man with his antlers, during the space of an hour and a half, in so shocking a manner, that, on his hands and knees, Mr. Horwood had, after the vindictive beast left him, but just strength to crawl home, where he languished about 36 hours, and expired in great sufferings.—There were upwards of 30 wounds and lacerations all over his body; his cloaths were nearly torn to pieces. The coroner, who opened his body, found the pericardium of the heart attacked—but for which unlucky thrust of the horns, though dreadfully injured, he might have probably survived this disaster.—The friendly disposition of the deceased had gained him universal esteem, and makes his untimely fate the theme of general condolence in his neighbourhood.

ROW AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ON the night of Wednesday the 23d inst. a Naval hero, who is Captain of a man of war, and the brother of a nobleman, was brought before the magistrates at Bow-street, from the boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, where he had been kicking up a row. He was charged with violently assaulting a youth of fourteen, the son of a respectable citizen in Coleman-street, who was also at the Theatre, and now accompanied his son to the office. The noble commander had evidently been on a Bacchanalian cruize in the course of the evening, and had taken in a full cargo of the Tuscan juice, as his upper works were a good deal deranged; in endeavouring to make way, he had heeled gunnel to at every tack. He was towed into the office between two of the Bow-street runners, with some difficulty; and had scarcely been on board the good ship *Justicia*, when he endeavoured to assume the whole authority of the quarter deck. The first salute to the bench was a whole broadside of damns and blasts; he b——d the eyes and limbs of the officers;

officers; vaunted of his extraordinary pugilistic prowess; boasted an intimate acquaintance with Belcher, Burke, Pittoon the Jew, Jemmy from Town, the Young Ruffian, Gulley, the Game Chicken, and all the celebrated bruisers; offered to box the magistrate, or any man in the room, for a thousand; swore great guns, that if he had with him his first-lieutenant and his boatswain, they three would clear the decks of every man there in two minutes, if the lubbers were twice as numerous as they were.

The magistrate, however, not being in a boxing humour, nor probably in training to meet such an antagonist in his own way, begged leave to propose a *contre-projet* for deciding the business, and was proceeding to examine the charge against the gallant commander; but this gave rise to a new bustle; he insisted, as an officer and a gentleman, on a private examination, and that all the lubberly sons of bitches present must go out of the room.—In this, however, he was not indulged, and the Bow-street officer, who saw the assault, proceeded to give his testimony, as well as he could, under a tremendous discharge of oaths, intermixed with threats of gangways, round dozens, and double irons. The officer stated, that the Captain had been extremely riotous in the Theatre, to the annoyance of the whole audience, and that he had violently assaulted a lady in one of the boxes, who from a very coarse illustration in the Captain's own phrase, it seemed, was an old Cyprian acquaintance, who wanted to lure him to a fresh engagement, which he declined. He was therefore forcibly taken from his moorings in the boxes, and in his way assaulted every one he met, and amongst others the youth who now came forward.

The Captain was still vociferous and unruly. Finding, however, that he could not bring his guns to an effectual bearing in this way, he put about on t'other tack, and proposed to settle the matter with the magistrate over a bottle of Madeira.—The magistrate, however, objected to any decision by the influence of *grape* shot. The Captain again stormed, and said it was only a drunken frolic; but the magistrate, paying no deference to this plea of *jure de vino*, ordered the Captain into the bilboes at the Brown Bear till he should find bail.

SINGLE-STICK PLAYING.

A GRAND match at single-stick was played in the village of Botley, near Southampton and Bishop's Waltham, on Friday and Saturday, the 11th and 12th of October. There were four prizes; the 1st of fifteen guineas and a gold-laced hat; the 2d, six guineas and a silver-laced hat; the 3d, four guineas; the 4th, two guineas.—The players, who entered the lists for the 1st prize, were from four different counties: namely, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire; the gentleman who instituted the prizes, previously announced that there should be no distinction as to place or person, their object being to reward and to honour real manhood, from whatever part of England it might come. The rules were, that, for the first prize, when a player had broken two heads, he should go off the stage; that, at an hour appointed, the conquerors of two should be, by ballot, paired against each other to play out the ties; then the conquerors of three, in like manner, to play out their ties; and so on, till there should remain but one

conqueror

conqueror, and, of course, till all the heads, except one, should be broken. In the following list, the first column exhibits the names of the combatants, in the order of their mounting the stage, the initials shewing the counties. The other columns, to the right, show who were, in succession, the conquerors:—

	Bunn........S.	Replin.	Replin.	Summerset.
	Replin ......W.			
	Baker ....S.			
	Wall.........S.	Wall.		
	Pope ....W.			
	Morgan .....H.			
	Moreton ....H.	Moreton.	Summerset.	
	Hunt ....H.			
	Upjohn .....D.			
Singleton, H. / Gamlin, H.	Singleton......	Summerset.		
	Summerset..W.			
	Tribe ......H.			

Thus it will be seen, that there were three of Wiltshire, three of Somersetshire, one of Dorsetshire, and six of Hampshire. Summerset, who won the prize, was one of the most able and active men that any one present had ever beheld. He played with admirable skill, and with good-humour not less to be admired. His superior height and strength gave him vast advantage over his antagonists, Singleton and Tribe, and he had another very great advantage in beginning his play upon a man already half exhausted, by gaining a head, an advantage, it will be perceived, that no other conqueror of two happened to meet with. A third and still greater advantage was, that he never had to encounter a Somersetshire man; and that, as to Replin, with whom he had last to contend, he had won his three heads so dearly from the Somersetshire men, that the conquest was very easy. Replin's head, when he entered on the contest with Wall, though not broken according to the rules of the match, was swelled to an enormous size; one eye was closed up, and both arms and both sides were very much bruised. Summerset's task was, however, upon the whole, very far from being a sinecure. In Singleton and Tribe he might be fairly said to have to contend against the greatest skill and the best blood of Hampshire. Singleton had been engaged half an hour with Gamlin, from whom he had received many very severe blows, before he had to meet the superior skill and strength of Summerset. By these he was however not at all daunted, and, though the contest was so unequal, he maintained it for rather more than three quarters of an hour, with a degree of courage and fortitude that was not equalled even by Replin, and that it is impossible should ever be surpassed. To the very last bout, and when he was black on both sides from his crown to his waist; when his body must have been writhing with pain, and when he must have clearly perceived his exertions to be useless, even then his spirit never sunk; he preserved the cheerfulness of his countenance, and, to the moment that the blood spouted from his head, he faced his man with an attitude

and

and a look expressive of a heart never to be subdued. Tribe played in a very masterly manner, and would, in all probability, have succeeded against any man present besides Summerset; but by the superior strength of the latter, he was finally overcome: not, however, till he had dealt his antagonist many severe blows, and till he was himself so cut in the arms and the sides that the blood ran through his shirt in several places.—The Dorsetshire man lost his head without much exertion on the part either of himself or his antagonist Moreton, who also won the head of Hunt with very little trouble, tho' not without the exchange of many very hard blows, which were manfully borne on both sides.—The Somersetshire men all displayed very great skill as well as bravery. Baker was unfortunate in his contest both for the first and the second prize; but it required no common degree of bravery to engage on the second day with Morgan all covered as he was with the stiff wounds, and with a face so swelled as almost to blind him on one side. Bunn played with astonishing agility; but he engaged Morgan, for the second prize, to great disadvantage, having been severely wounded the first day by Replin. He did, however, after having his head broken by Morgan, win the third prize against Pope, and a fresh hand of Wiltshire. Wall would have defeated Replin, and of course, would have had finally to contend for the first prize with Summerset; but, his basket-arm had been so dreadfully wounded in his combat with Morgan, who played left handed, and who sold his head the dearest of any man, except Singleton and Tribe, that, when he came to play out his tie with Replin, he was quite unable to keep up his guard; yet he scorned to give in, though strongly urged so to do, till the blood finally ran upon his chin far enough to satisfy the rules of the match, and of his own honour. The fourth prize was won by Pope, against players, and under circumstances, of inferior importance: so that Summerset and Pope carried off the first and fourth prizes to Wiltshire; Bunn the third prize to Somersetshire, and the second prize remained in Hampshire, with Morgan.

In the conduct of Summerset, the principal conqueror, there appeared not less generosity than bravery and skill. He wore off his hat, which the females had decorated with gilded laurel; but the whole of the money he either divided or spent amongst the vanquished combatants. Morgan also gave a guinea to Bunn, from whom he finally won the second prize. The behaviour of all the players, with one trifling exception as to Moreton, the second day, was excellent; and, amongst the thousands of spectators assembled together from all parts of the country, there occurred not a single act of violence, quarrel, or accident. The stage was erected upon a spot, and at a height so as to be conveniently seen from every part of the main street of the village; the playing was kept up, with little intermission, from twelve o'clock till six; and the scene was too solemn, too interesting to the feelings; it exhibited bravery and generosity too exemplary, and inculcated sentiments of too high an order to suffer the intrusion of any petty bickerings and unmanly contests amongst those who beheld it.—The next match is intended to be played on or about the 1st of June next.

CRICKET

CRICKET MATCHES.

THE following Grand Match of Cricket was played on Friday, the 30th ult. at Bowman's Lodge, Dartford Heath, Kent, between eight of Bexley, with three of England, against eleven of the County of Kent, for five hundred guineas.

KENT.

Read	0	leg before wicket	2	c Ashdown
Crawt	1	c Hammond	2	b Ld F. Beauclerk
Ayling	1	c Winter	12	b T. Hampton
Ring	2	c H. Hampton	5	b Hammond
Smith	1	c Hammond	2	c Gilling
Ward	0	c Pittman	2	b Ld F. Beauclerk
Royzell	0	c Ld F. Beauclerk	5	b Hampton
Nordish	0	hit wicket	6	b Hammond
Nicollson	0	c H. Hampton	2	not out
Buge	0	not out	6	b Ld F. Beauclerk
Tomlins	0	run out	0	run out
Byes	0	Byes	0	
	5		14	

BEXLEY.

Winter	11	stumpt read
Booker	0	b Ditto
H. Hampton	9	b Ward
Ld F. Beauclerk	29	b Ditto
Ashdown	0	run out
Hammond	12	b Read
Gilling	0	b Read
Pittman	0	b Ditto
T. Hampton	0	st. Nordish
R. Leigh, Esq.	0	run out
Ellis	1	b Ward
Byes	0	
	62	

Bexley won by one innings and eighteen runs.—Six to 4 on Bexley at starting.

THE following is a state of the Grand Match of Cricket played in Lord's Ground on Monday, Sept. 16, and following day, between three of Surry, and three of England, for two hundred guineas.

SURRY.

	Balls.	Hits.	Runs.		Balls.	Hits.	Runs.	
J. Wells	86	58	7	b Bennet	65	52	2	b Bennet
Robinson	10	5	2	b Ditto	12	9	1	b Fennex
Beldam	34	24	5	b Fennex	18	15	1	b Ditto
	130	87	14		95	76	4	

ENGLAND.

	Balls.	Hits.	Runs.	
Bennet	85	63	10	b J. Wells
Ld F. Beauclerk	102	80	14	b Ditto
Fennex	2	2	0	c Ditto
	189	145	24	

England won by one innings and six runs.—Six to 4 on Surry at starting.

THE

THE

COMPLETE GRAZIER;

OR,

Farmer and Cattle-Dealer's Assistant.

Comprising instructions for the buying, breeding, rearing, and fattening of cattle. Directions for the choice of the best breeds of live stock. The treatment of their diseases, and the management of cows and ewes, during the critical times of calving and yeaning. The general economy of a grass farm, especially irrigation, or watering of meadows; culture of the best natural and artificial grasses and plants for fodder; various methods of cutting, mixing, and preparing food in severe winters and seasons of scarcity; the economy and general management of the dairy, including the making, curing, and preservation of butter and cheese, &c. &c. Together with a Synoptical Table of the different breeds of neat cattle, sheep, and swine. Illustrated by engravings. By a Lincolnshire Grazier; assisted by communications from several Yorkshire, Leicester, and Norfolk Farmers. 8vo. pp. 510. London, Crosby and Co. 1805.

Continued from Vol. 26. p. 238.

THE state of veterinary medicine in this country, is lamentably deficient: whatever, of a practical nature, is connected with the principal diseases of cattle, is concisely stated in Chap. IV. which contains some valuable hints on the changes of the weather; an occasional reference to which, it is observed, may afford the farmer some guide in directing the diversified operations of the field. The implements of husbandry, most useful for the peculiar branch of rural economy here treated of, are next discussed, and the most improved and simple ones are noticed. Among the numerous implements described in this chapter, Mr. M'Dougal's scarifier, improved hoe, and straw cutter, struck us as promising to be very effective articles. Wright's American churn is likewise a valuable acquisition to the dairy. The author of this work is evidently acquainted with intelligent American cultivators, of whose experience and correspondence we observe he has in several instances judiciously availed himself.

In the sixth chapter the different sorts of soils, various modes of improving and converting them from a state of nature, manures, fences, formation and management of meadows, together with irrigation, are fully and correctly stated; the subjects of meadows and irrigation are particularly interesting to all practical agriculturalists; and such, we are assured, will find this division every way worthy of their notice. We regret that the nature of this part of the "Complete Grazier" will not permit us to give extracts, without doing great violence to the context: for the present, therefore, we shall only remark, that proper rotations, or courses of grasses, adapted to the varieties of soils of which meadows usually consist, are pointed out; and the peculiar culture of each is detailed in the succeeding chapter. We approve of the plan here adopted, of dividing the grasses into three classes; viz. natural grasses, usually cultivated; wild or uncultivated grasses, worthy of cultivation; and artificial grasses: because it obviously tends to enlarge, as well as to simplify the grazier's knowledge on one part of the vegetable creation, which, of late years only, has been particularly noticed with the attention due to its importance. This chapter concludes with an account of vegetables best calculated for fodder; in which the result of various experiments is concentrated into

into a brief, yet sufficiently accurate compass.

The work terminates with a chapter on the economy and management of the dairy; in which the various requisites essential to it, as well as the most approved modes of preparing, curing, and preserving, butter and cheese, in England, are specified. In a future edition, we should wish to see the practice of some of the best foreign cheese dairies detailed, particularly those of the Parmesan, Gruyere, &c. because our intelligent dairy men and women may derive much useful information and practical experience from thence. We would likewise submit to the author, whether it would not be a subject worthy of his attention, and pen, in a future edition, to subjoin an appendix, containing a view of what has been effected, both in our own land, and in foreign dominions, towards improving that staple commodity, WOOL. Independently of the ample materials supplied by the labours of Lord Somerville, Doctor Parry, and especially the experiments made by order of our amiable Sovereign, under the direction of Sir Joseph Banks, the writings of Dauberton, Lasteyrie, &c. &c. contain a treasure of inforformation, which we are greatly desirous of seeing in an English dress; especially as such additional matter might be separately sold, to accommodate the purchasers of the present edition.

The important nature of this work, has induced us to analyze its contents more minutely than we expected, at the commencement of this notice: our opinion of its value may be easily ascertained from the preceding strictures. We shall therefore conclude our analysis, by stating that the engravings are numerous, and well executed, as well as judiciously selected. A copious synoptical table of breeds, and varieties of breeds, together with an accurate index, is annexed; and the whole work, though there are a few petty typographical errors, is every way worthy of the attention of graziers and cattle-dealers.

FATE OF AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

From Mr. Hutton's entertaining Book of Cases determined in the Court of Requests at Birmingham.

KING's NORTON; OR THE FALL OF GRANDEUR.

IF this little Work should meet the hand of a stranger, it will be necessary to inform him that King's Norton is an extensive manor, vested in the Crown, and contiguous to that of Birmingham.

The very name of a Court of Justice carries terror: even the innocent suitor approaches it "with fear and trembling." This terror arises from various causes; such as the apprehension of losing, which might hurt the pocket a little, and the pride much; the dread of making a weak side before superiors; being caught in an unguarded expression; held up to the public eye, &c. But, alas! how little do we know each other. The suitors are not the only people that tremble, for they often influence the Bench: the commissioners themselves experience many a melancholy thought, and aching heart, at the deplorable situation of those before them; and can scarcely refrain the disgrace of tears, if tears are a disgrace: they feel for distress more

more than it feels for itself. There is nothing more common, in the decline of prosperity, than that the idea of a gentleman is all that is left of the gentleman: this is the last spark in the dying embers of greatness. There is nothing more detrimental than this idea; for it prevents a man from entering with spirit into the drudgery necessary for existence. He feeds upon a departed shadow, when, alas! a shadow is sometimes all he has to feed upon. He tells the world his poverty arises from misfortune; but the world generally changes the word for imprudence. But whatever is the cause, he demands our pity. We envy the man in an exalted state; but if he falls we cannot refuse him assistance: we feel even for those two imperious characters, those insufferable priests, Becket and Wolsey.

Among one hundred and seventy defendants called before the Court, July 21st, 1786, was that of Henshaw Grevis, Esq. Struck with a name with which I was well acquainted, I asked if the person appeared; when a meagre figure, near sixty, came forward, and behaved with all the humility of manners that fancy could paint: the silent tear seemed to rise in his own eye, and demanded mine. Though his whole apparel could not be worth eighteen-pence, I well remembered to have seen him, thirty years before, completely mounted, and dressed in green velvet, with a hunter's cap and girdle, at the head of his pack. Like Actæon, he had formerly hunted with his own hounds; perhaps, like him, he had been devoured by them. At other times the arms he carried were a gun and ornamented pouch; his companions were his dogs; and the regions he commanded, the earth and the air. But now his gun was metamorphosed into a spade, his companions were common labourers on the turnpike-road, and the principal scene of action was a gravel-pit.

I could not forbear drawing a silent comparison between this devoted outcast of fortune, and myself—He could prove a long line of wealthy and honourable ancestors; but mine had never been off the dunghill for two hundred years. His had been fixed upon one rich domain for many centuries; mine had been desolate wanderers, and had tried many parts of the kingdom but found every spot barren. He, in the morning of his days, decorated as above with the trappings of affluence; I, in humble poverty and a dirty apron, should have been disdained even a look. But now, in the evening of life, he, depressed with age, want, and the keen reflections of departed plenty; I, hurt at pronouncing, as a judge, upon his distress.

His family had produced many amiable characters; they figure in history as commanders in the civil wars under Charles I. and, however contrary the sentiment, as succouring the ejected ministers, who in 1662 were discharged from the establishment by the violence of the times. I asked him how long his ancestors were residents at Moseley-hall; he answered nearly from the conquest.

One disorderly member may make dreadful havoc in the patrimony of a house, but when every individual unites in its destruction, they quickly put a period to its existence. An instance is rarely known, that he who pulls the family fortune to pieces, repairs it: the same temper which begins bad, ends worse. Should the estate be too ample for one generation to

destroy, an heir of a different cast may arise, as in the Clifton family, to give a turn to the fortune, and preserve the name. But the ancient inheritance of this unfortunate house having been dreadfully curtailed, a landed property of above £9000 was sold in 1764 to John Taylor, Esq. and the scattered remains, worth £5000 more, to various persons, by public auction, which totally sunk the family into that infinite mass of mankind which are undistinguishable.

One would think King's Norton fatal to greatness; for tradition tells us, in the last age, the parish could boast the residence of five Esquires, who rolled in five carriages, but now the inhabitants themselves tell us they are a parish of paupers.

The debt charged on this unhappy son of adverse fortune was seventeen shillings; it appeared to be a security given to the plaintiff to cover a misdemeanor of the son, which the Court, out of tenderness, did not choose to inquire into.

As fate therefore seemed particularly to mark him for destruction beyond any of his race—for his ancestors being strangers to poverty, could not dread its effects; and his successors, inured to penury, will not regret the loss of that affluence they never knew: and as he alone, the sport of adversity, was tantalized with the pleasing views of prosperity, and then plunged into the depths of distress—the Court, out of compassion to fallen greatness, charged the payments at the low rate of two shillings a month, postponed the first for three months, and recommended lenity to the plaintiff, who rather exulted in his calamity, and whose heart, seared by poverty, had lost every tender feeling.

A RAMBLE

FROM

FARNHAM TO HINEHEAD AND BACK TO FARNHAM.

Wholesome Bread—Sweet Air—Indivisibility of Matter—Frensham—The Devil's Punch Bowl—Anacreontic—The Monument—The Poor Sailor—The Biter bit.

Health, like a summer morn returns, all fresh,
All gay, and ever full of cheerful song;
O! let me spurn excess, to make her mine;
All restless hate, all low-born passion shun,
And exercise the active limbs to keep
Her mine, still cheerful to the journey's end.

Continued from Vol. 26, p. 305.

THE farmer and myself had but just quitted the punch bowl, and were full of sentimental pity for the subject of this catastrophe, when we overtook

A POOR SAILOR.

His feet seemed very tender, and he was shuffling along the hard road at a slow pace, apparently in great distress and pain. Where are you going my good fellow? said the farmer—To Chatham, he replied, if I can get there: do, God bless you, give me a quid of tobacco if you have got any. I have plenty, said the farmer, my box is full, and at your service; the sailor's countenance brightened up, and he took the stale chew from his mouth and cast it among the bushes; the farmer, who was a merry wag, shut his box, and returned it to his pocket: what, said the tar, won't you give me one after all? No, returned the farmer, but I will give you a little

a little advice; never cast away an old friend till you have got a new one. The poor fellow, to be sure, looked simple enough, while we hastened on to a public-house by the road side; where, after we had been some time seated, up came the poor shuffling sailor, and making a halt, he exclaimed, "d—n my e—s, master, but I will remember you all the days of my life, and never cast off an old friend till I get a new one." Will you? said the farmer; then hold your hands, here is the contents of my box, and sit down at this door and I will order you some bread and cheese and a quart of ale. If the disappointment had depressed the spirits of the navigator in the first instance, they were now on the main-top-gallant-mast of pleasure; and upon giving him half-a-crown to cheer him on the road, he testified a thousand whimsical signs of mirth and thankfulness, and we left the poor fellow singing over his comfort

A sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
Has found out a snug birth for poor Jack.

The sun was sinking low in the west, we had many miles to return, but the conduct of the sore-footed seaman, and my companion's cheerful disposition, beguiled the way; and, after a most charming day of pleasure, and a walk of near twenty-five miles, I again entered the town of Farnham.

THE BITER BIT.

What a pitiable creature is the mercenary churl who makes self the centre of all his actions! The jocular think him their fair game, and the satirist a butt for his sharpest arrows; the liberal man always determines to his prejudice, and the sentimental survey him with the severest moral reflexions. He is unworthy to live, he is unfit to die. After some time looking round the town, I called at the house of my old friend, Mr. Elmer, the game-painter, of whom it was said he always kept a brace of trout for the man of taste, and presented his friends with more dead game than any sportsman in Europe. I was conducted to the Lion and Lamb, by the servant, where I found the white-headed old man, mingling in a scene of hilarity that might make an epicure forget his dinner, and the gouty cripple his crutches. The object of general mirth was a rich old corn-dealer of the neighbourhood, and the cause to be found in the sequel. A cup-loving higgler of the town broke the wheel of his caravan, and applied at the corn-factor's premises for the loan of a cart. The master being from home, the man, who well knew the miserable disposition of his employer, furnished the cart, upon condition that the higgler returned it to the lodge before sun-set. However, this part was not strictly attended to; for the dealer, meeting with some jolly friends at Alton market, was soon prevailed on "to put an enemy in his mouth, to steal away his senses," and did not return till a very late hour; when, finding the gate of the farm-yard secured, the drunken higgler left the cart before the house, with the shafts protruded on the foot-way to the gate. The factor going home from his cup of ale, stumbled in the dark over the obstruction; when, finding the cause, he hastened in, and, in the warmth of his resentment, returned with a saw, and cut off both shafts from the cart. In the morning, perceiving he had mutilated his own property, nothing could equal the rage and vociferations of the selfish churl. The tale spread like wind and wild-fire; and,

and, at the moment I entered the parlour, the viper was biting the file, and the company merry at his expence. You will see, by this, how some men may be too cunning for themselves, and how necessary it is to look before we leap; also how contemptible a man may make himself when he suffers passion to overcome his interests, losing sight of that propriety which distinguishes the man of prudence from the revengeful fool.

I took my seat amidst the scene of merriment, drew out my calumet of peace; and, with my faithful Tray by my side, resolved to be happy till the hour for repose.

T. N.

BIOGRAPHY.

FRANCIS MOORE.

Famous for vaulting over Horses in the Streets of London.

AN enlightened public, Mr. Editor, ever shews an ardent curiosity for the history of eminent men, whether of high or low degree. It is not the vulgar and common circumstances of a man being born an emperor, or a prince, or that he sprang from rich parents, and came into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth, which can render the narrative of his life and actions at all interesting to those who read, either for amusement or instruction: no—the lives of those, and such, are spent in one and the same eternal round of insipidity; they are born, they are helped through life, and they die. To render a man worthy of remembrance, either as an example, a warning, or a source of amusing gratification, nature must have endowed him with some marked, original, and independent qualities of mind or body, which she confers only on her favourites, but denies to the bulk of her children; and she deals out such gifts, with however sparing a hand, yet, in one sense, with perfect equality, since they are common to all men, in whatever rank or degree in life. I submit to the taste and opinion of the reader, whether my present hero was of the above privileged cast—he was ushered into the world under extraordinary circumstances, and went out of it in a way, not yet become quite common. He was a public character through life, the friend and cotemporary of Sir Jeffery Dunstan. Nature had endowed him with the finest symetry of body, and the most extraordinary powers of muscular exertion, with the accompaniment of a mind of equal strength and firmness; yet still more distinguished for an independence of character, totally opposite to that servility of thought and action which must ever be found predominant in the souls of the common herd. What a hard fate, that such a high tone of soul, when it does not make a man a hero, is so apt to bring him to the gallows! The example, however, in either case, is still the same, and the legitimate uses and purposes of biography equally well secured.

After this preface, Sir, I must farther appeal to your readers' recollection, or rather to your general index, and acknowledge myself author of the Biography of Hugh Wright, and several other pugilistic heroes of Suffolk, and of the old school. On that occasion I engaged to furnish memorials of other great men. With respect to the present, it may not be unnecessary for

for me to declare in what manner I came by my intelligence. I received it, then, from a communicative hair-dresser, to whom Strap himself must submit for accuracy and minuteness of information. This man I have known between twenty and thirty years, he had the honour, in early life, of being intimately acquainted in Moore's family, and, if my suspicions do him justice, stood in some degree of relation to it.

Those who were conversant in the spectacles of the streets of London, four or five-and-twenty years ago, must often have noticed an athletic man, about thirty years of age, with but one leg, and supported by crutches, who earned a living by jumping, or rather flying over a horse, upon the bare pavement, standing to take his spring before the horse's head. This was Francis Moore, the great grandson of the celebrated Doctor and Almanac-maker Francis Moore, cotemporary of the no less celebrated Partridge. Moore was the son of a boatswain of a man of war, and his mother was of a respectable tradesman's family in the Borough, which she left early in life, in order to enjoy her sensibilities at large, and independently of parental controul. Whether or not the influence of the novel manufactory of that day, was sufficiently strong to produce in her inclinations thus heroic, I am unable to ascertain: however, she never afterwards sought shelter in her father's house; and, as by the time young Francis was three months old, her husband had quitted all duty to her, in favour of the paramount duty of the king's service—as the wife of a man who served the public, she fairly threw herself upon the public for support, soliciting the favours of sporting gentlemen, with the infant in her arms: and to so great a pitch of wretchedness was she reduced, that she seldom knew the luxury of a bed, and was not unfrequently exposed with her infant throughout the night, to the keenest severities of the season; her couch and pillow being the hard stones. To endure all this, unshaken and uninjured, evinced no slight degree of native robustness and strength of stamina, in young Moore, which were again confirmed and consolidated by such endurance; and to this early training, so nearly allied to the habits of the savage, he no doubt in a great measure owed that hardihood, agility, tenseness of muscle, contempt of pain, and steadiness of resolution, which he afterwards possessed in so great a degree above the pretensions of common and civilized life.

Were it at all necessary, it would be extremely difficult to assign a reason, why this woman, who it seems was allowed on all hands to possess no common share of personal attraction, at the same time offering her charms upon the public market, should experience such a completion of wretchedness. But her miseries increased to that height, as to induce her to agree with a partner in affliction, who had also the burden of an infant of nearly the same age, to expose them together at the church door. Frank's mother yet hesitated, and her companion, endowed with more resolution, or less maternal feeling, was disposed to set the example. She took her bundle, under cover of the night, and left it safe and quiet on the church steps. Returning, she derided the fears and hesitating fondness of the other; offering, with much generosity, to take the trouble off her hands, and to act the mother's part by the infant of her friend.

friend. Moore's mother relunctantly consented; but the woman had scarcely advanced a few doors length, before, a fit of maternal tenderness bursting forth, Mrs. Moore rushed along, in pursuit of her, crying aloud—her child!—a woman had stolen her dear child!—and she actually put the woman into the custody of the watch, for the pretended theft.

From the mode of life, and habits of the mother, the nature of Frank's early education may be easily determined; he at least learned, even in his first stage, what some philosophers vaunt so highly, to shift on a little, and to find a perpetual resource in himself. Before he was ten years of age, he happened of a misfortune, the effects of which had a strong influence on his future life, and his conduct under it marked with equal precision the tone of his future character. Taking up his lodging one night in a sugar hogshead, in Leadenhall-street, a practice by no means unfrequent with him, he either suffered some rheumatic contraction in one of his legs, or received a casual wound from a nail. From whichever cause, the morning found him totally disabled; and the grocer, to whom he owed his lodging, very charitably sent him to the hospital. From causes inscrutable by medical philosophy, the most healthy bodies will sometimes become the victims of a trifling accident, and the danger of a mortification in the boy's knee became so imminent, that the surgeons immediately determined on an amputation. Their surprise was extreme, when they found he had overheard their determination, and expressed his perfect submission and readiness; but what was their astonishment when they saw a mere child submit to have his thigh severed in the middle, literally without a groan. He could not have acted the part in a more becoming way, had it happened in the cock-pit, and in the presence of the boatswain his father. His intrepidity in this case, and subsequent shrewd and decorous behaviour in the hospital, obtained him the favour and patronage of the chief surgeon, which continued to the end of that gentleman's life.

Being discharged from the hospital, the boy was recommended to a shoe-maker, one of those wretches, too numerous in the metropolis, who take in poor children, to enslave and starve, under the notion of apprenticeship. On the apprentice being rather too loud in his complaints, the ungentle son of Crispin bound him fast to a post, gave him a decent number of lashes with his strap, and afterwards, in derision, offered him wetted wax for his dinner. Our little hero, acting up to the dignity of his character, scorned to repine or expostulate, but took the effectual remedy of a speedy retreat, for ever forswearing the last, and determined rather to go barefoot all his life, than learn to make shoes. Unluckily for him, it happened that, of the few offers which presented of regular livelihood, he was found or supposed incapable from the loss of his leg. Thus, with a mind by no means naturally vicious, and even of considerable purity, if that may be estimated by the nature of his education, was this poor lad driven, like many thousand others, to these irregular shifts for a subsistence: under the numberless pressures of which a strict regularity of conduct is scarcely to be expected, if not absolutely impossible.

Frank now commenced, and between this period, and the age of twenty-

twenty years, passed regularly through these various gradations of low life, in town, which so admirably fit the graduate for a thorough knowledge of men and things. He was successively a link-boy, a waterer at the coach-stand, a market errand-boy, a seller of dog's-meat, a bridge-master to the gutters in frosty weather, a dealer in jack-asses, and a *goyar* or fire-lighter to the Jews on a Sabbath, a sweeper at the conventicle, and a mercury at the bagnio. In this latter capacity he was eminent, and Goodman's-fields, at that time at the height of glory, was his principal haunt. Having reached his full growth, his superior size and athletic form, were a powerful recommendation among the ladies, who easily passed over the miss of a leg and foot, where all other requisites were in such abundance. He had the repute, through his early years, of being a pensioner of the ladies, whose favour indeed he never afterwards forfeited. Time now passed on merrily, yet if our hero lived both merrily and expensively, at least he did not live idly, for if his nights were dedicated to Venus and Bacchus, his days were passed in the most active and laborious exertions. Urged by a spirit of emulation, and depending on that immensely elastic and contractile force of muscle and fibre, which nature had bestowed on him, he trained himself, cripple as he was, to feats of agility, of which scarcely any other man living was capable. Beside his feat of vaulting over a horse, he could beat any man in England at running a short race, being assisted by his crutches; and even without his crutches, and on his one leg only, few men could run fifty yards with him; and he afterwards beat several horses in a race of one hundred yards. By bets in this way, and by other modes, he obtained a great deal of money, which he spent as freely as he obtained it: and during the training of his body, this self-taught philosopher had been by no means negligent of his mind. His maxim was, and he freely communicated it among his friends, that, "Labour was the duty of all, and honesty as far as that should be practicable; but that a brave man should never outlive his resources, and degrade himself by beggary." The two principal events of his life shewed that he was not a mere dealer in words, like too many of his fellow-labourers in public instruction. He had been gambling deeply, and capricious Fortune had decided against him. He felt severely the loss of friends who generally have a very keen scent of the approach of poverty. A wearisomeness of life came on; he declared openly his misfortunes should be short. His whole fortune amounted to a jack-ass and hampers, and those he deliberately staked against a certain sum, which he lost. He had a few halfpence left, with which he purchased a cord; and, in the cool of the evening, retiring to a convenient corner of the skin-market at Leadenhall, with the utmost composure, singleness of design, and adroitness of execution, he—hung himself.

His design had been discovered; indeed he took little pains to hide it; and his steps watched, by a female devotedly attached to him, who yet knew him and his inflexible resolution too well, to attempt to counteract his plan. But scarcely had the philosopher began to taste the sweets of his universal remedy, and before he could possibly experience its benefits, the

the aforesaid faithful female friend, lifted up in the arms of a fellow, whom she had suddenly summoned to her assistance, like another sister of the fates, with a sharp knife severed the line of his destiny, and down fell Frank to the ground, to use the expressive phrase of the lady, "lump like a load." Several persons from the neighbouring market now surrounded the parties, and the remedy having been so timeously applied, the patient had suffered but a slight suffocation, and rising in a few minutes without assistance, and his reviving faculties at once discovering his situation, and by whom he was attended, turning to the girl, he exclaimed, "Ah! Sal, you have ruined me."

It is an old observation, that a half-hanging, or any inneffectual attempt at suicide, is, at least a temporary cure for the desire of death. Very few people any more than Frank Moore, or Mary —— can be brought to rally and to return immediately to the charge. In fact, Frank appeared so thoroughly satisfied with having made the experiment, with having perpetrated or attempted that which point of honour with him appeared to demand in the case, that he actually became once more reconciled to life, to all its labours, disappointments and follies, and started forth on the stage of life, a new man. How he came by the means was never discovered, but within a week from the period of his exaltation in the skin-market, the town beheld him with a smart new hat, jacket, and waistcoat, mounted upon a sightly grey mare, with a suitable attendant. Moore was now in the meridian of his powers, and a man being mounted upon his horse, the animal's head in the mean time being held up to its highest pitch, he made his run, and quitting his crutches at the instant of taking his spring, he flew over the horse and man, alighting behind them upon his one leg. By this exhibition throughout London, and by wagering at fairs, on the number of men in a rank, the tallest standing first, over whose heads he could vault, Frank in a few months acquired a considerable sum. His fame now being rapidly diffused, reached the ears of a noble duke, who condescended to view, from his own windows, the wonderful exertions of this street exhibiter, rewarding him several times with a guinea. He also, about the same time, refused a very advantageous offer of engagement at Astley's theatre. But the genius of Frank Moore could brook no confinement, he always classed servitude in the next degree to beggary, and he looked upon every such engagement as the above, in the degrading light of servitude.

Every one who considers the nature of this fellow's exertions, continued perhaps for weeks together, leaping to such a height, and alighting on the hard stones, must determine, that had his bones been composed of adamant, and his nerves of iron, his frame must have received rude and painful shocks. Such indeed was ever the case, and the excessive pains in his joints warned him of the necessity of occasional retirement. On these occasions, when indeed considerable indulgence was pardonable, he usually spent his money as quickly, and far more easily, than he had earned it. He now took to himself a wife, and became father of a family; and as the violence of his exercise had stiffened his limbs, and considerably impaired his ability, he was obliged to discontinue his

exhibitions,

exhibitions, until poverty obliged him to part with his horse, which put an end to every hope of a similar resource in future. At this period, when he was in extreme distress, and absolutely without bread for his family, excepting the casual supplies derived from miserable pawns, and similar shifts, an anecdote offers highly to the honour of Francis Moore, of the truth of which the relator has not the smallest doubt. It was the year 1780, ever memorable for that accursed mixture of knavery and fanaticism—and they are far more often in unison than people imagine—in the mind of the multitude, which wrought such wonderful effects, that the mob was regularly organized, appeared to demonstration, from various circumstances, although the agitators could never be discovered. Whoever they were, the character and powers of Moore, and his fitness to take the lead in a popular insurrection, were well known to them; and in consequence, three persons, entire strangers to him, appeared one morning at his lodging, desiring his attendance with a body of the people, in order to present a petition to parliament against the Roman Catholics. On hearing their proposal, Moore shrewdly demanded of them, what possible interest he or they could have in such a step? It could not be distinctly heard, whether their private or ultimate views were explained; but a grave, demure looking person, railing bitterly against the catholics, Moore asked him, what he called himself? The answer was, a protestant to be sure. Why then, retorted Moore, if you chuse for yourself, how can you deny the same liberty to a catholic? He never stirred from his room until the riots were quelled, when he was seen at Newgate, exhorting some young husseys, who were sitting upon the ruins, in the expectation of being again taken into lazy custody, and rather to make use of the liberty offered them, to go forth into the world, and earn their bread by some kind of industry.

The sun of Moore's prosperity was about to set, and the remainder of his life was one continued struggle for the supplies of the day. In order to do him full biographical justice, it must be observed, that he had, in common with people of higher degree, in fact, such as maintain a good reputation in the world, an accommodating conscience, that is to say, a conscience which will bend to situation, and suffer a man to live. Thus although he would not rob or steal, or make any open breach of honesty himself, he never scrupled purchasing a good bargain of those who were less scrupulous. He was in the way of it, and the profit accruing was of the nature of a perquisite. As to the *pulls* at every game of chance, could he scruple those advantages taken by the first people in the country?

Resorting to fairs, and public meetings, with gingerbread and oranges to be thrown for with a stick, and sometimes having an E. O. table, or merry-go-round, conveniently placed in an untenanted house, where he has often collected a numerous blackguard rout, supported him for a considerable time. These failed, and as a last resort, he attended with a light in the winter evenings, a certain famous conventicle of the saints, where, if the truth may be declared in Gath and Askalen, certain ladies who were not saints, attended likewise, and with whom, as the concluding

 ceremony,

ceremony, divers of the elders were accustomed to retire, Frank escorting them to the rendezvous, and awaiting their return with his light. The approach of summer put a period to this employment, and no other offering, Moore declared to his friends, that he perceived his time was come, and that he must soon seek a never-failing provision for himself. In effect, he set off for St. Giles's, in a few days, where he cohabited with a woman well known by the name of Jenny, and a certain addition to that name, expressive of a peculiar qualification, until her funds were exhausted; when taking advantage of her absence one morning, he effectually, and for the last time, hung himself in her room. Thus the world, Wales and all, lost both one of the best jumpers it ever possessed, and the great-grandson of a celebrated almanac maker, who perhaps, if the formidable disadvantages of his birth and early training be impartially considered, could not possibly have made a better hand of life than he did. Many a man, with far greater opportunities, has come to be hanged *against* his will.

A SPORTSMAN.

ANECDOTE OF DR. W. OF CAMDEN TOWN.

THIS reverend clergyman, so well known for his researches into the original Greek text of the Evangelists, and not more distinguished for his extensive learning, than for his propensity to those amusements which characterised Parson Adams in Fielding's Novel of Joseph Andrew's, recently related the following anecdote of himself to a select circle of friends. The conversation happened to turn upon the folly of some men's wives; upon which, said the Doctor, I will give you an instance of the folly of mine, and, I am persuaded, you must acknowledge it exceeds every thing you ever heard of. He thus proceeded:——"You must know, that some time ago, the Bishop of London was contemplating a translation of the Four Gospels, and it occurred to his Lordship that he probably might derive some advantage by consulting me upon the subject. I need not tell you how much attached I am to my pipe, nor what irresistible charms I find in a game at skittles. —Now I happened to be enjoying both my favourite amusements at the Wheat-sheaf, when his Lordship ordered his carriage, and repairing to my house, inquired whether I was at home? Mrs. W———, instead of absolutely denying me, as a sensible woman ought to have done, immediately said I was at the Wheat-sheaf. The Bishop naturally thought the Wheat-sheaf might be some corn-chandler's, where I was disposing of my tithe corn, or the produce of my glebe land. He said to his coachman, "John, do you know where the Wheat-sheaf is?" "O yes, my Lord," replied John. "Well, drive there." John obeyed, and in a few minutes the carriage stopped at the ale-house, where I was in the height of my glory. The Bishop stared at the appearance of the place, as well he might. However, he alighted, and asked the landlord whether one Dr. W——— was there? "Always at this hour" returned Bonnyface, "you'll find him in the skittle-ground." "The skittle-ground," muttered his Lordship

as

as he advanced," what can he be doing there?" He soon discovered me, in the midst of the *profanum vulgus*, who were attending minutely to the gymnastic game. I was the hero of the contest, and was unluckily, at that precise moment, in the very act of endeavouring to tip all nine. I was stooping down, with my pipe in my mouth, the skirts of my coat tucked under my left arm, and a bowl in my right hand; my wig a little awry. I was aiming at the middle pin. I exclaimed, "*Well, here goes at the Head of the Church.*" Before the bowl had well quitted my grasp, the Bishop tapped me on the shoulder, saying, "What, Doctor, is it you?" I looked round, and became petrified as if I had seen the Gorgon's head. I could not speak for some time, but at last I stammered out, "Yes, my Lord, it is me." "I am surprised to see you in such a place," added his Lordship. "And I am equally astonished at seeing your Lordship; but you must know, my Lord, that I am afflicted with a pain in the chest, attended at times, with a difficulty of utterance. Your Lordship may easily perceive how I am affected at this moment." "I do perceive it indeed," rejoined the church dignitary. I continued, "for this complaint my physicians order me to use the exercise in which you see me employed, and they tell me I shall derive great benefit from it." The Bishop turned upon his heel, and left me with this remark, "Proceed, good Doctor, with your game, I wish you all the *benefit* from it your physicians have promised you; but I am afraid it will never procure you a *benefice*."

"Now, my friends, I ask you, whether you ever heard of any woman's committing an act half so silly, as a clergyman's wife sending a Bishop to a skittle-ground in search of her husband?" The company admitted the application of the story, and Mrs. W—— was, by common consent, admitted to have in this instance exceeded the folly of all their wives.

PUMP OR PERISH;

AN OLD ADAGE NEWLY REALIZED.

A YOUNG Irishman, of respectable family and connections in his own country, but bred up to no useful pursuit, habits of idlenesss, naturally followed by extravagance and dissipation, led him into some *faux pas* in his own country, which rendered his personal safety rather precarious. A lieutenancy was obtained for him by his friends in a regiment going to the West Indies, where, however, rooted habits were not abandoned; and, after evincing but very loose and confused notions of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, he was at length obliged, by the contempt and detestation shewn by his brother officers, to sell out, when he retired to America, where he hoped for a wider field for the exercise of his talents.

A trivial mistake, in writing the name of a friend instead of his own to a bill of Exchange, soon involved him in the labrynth of a Philadelphia prison. Such ingenious expedients not being tolerated by the American laws, he was convicted, and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and must of course undergo some practical lectures for the improvement of his manners. On entering the prison, he was asked as usual, by the governor, what trade

trade he was bred to? Astonished at the vulgar impertinence of such a question, he answered, he was a *jontleman*, and scorned the meanness of a mechanical trade.

The governor told him the indispensable necessity of learning a trade, as he could not be supported there in idleness, at the expence of the honest and industrious: he must therefore either earn his food or starve. The *jontleman* answered, he scorned to depend on their support, he did not wish to learn a trade; and the best way to settle the difference was to enlarge him. The governor, however, differed in opinion, and told him, since he declined a choice, one must be made for him, which, after trial, he might change if he thought fit. The novice was accordingly stripped, placed in a cistern on the Dutch principle, into which water flowed on all sides, and soon steeped him up to the chin, and his only alternative from drowning was to work constantly at a pump, which enabled him to keep the inundation an inch or two below his mouth; and thus, reversing the fate of Tantalus, he remained for eight hours, when his first day's work ended. He was then taken out, and asked if he liked his occupation, and wished to continue it for two years? Heartily sick of his first lesson, the hero answered, "By Jasus my dear, you may put me to any trade *at all, at all*, but that: for if I work *two years* at that, I shall die in a *fortnight*." The experiment having thus succeeded in regulating his taste, he was by choice enrolled among the corps of shoemakers, became in a short time an expert workman, returned to his native country on the termination of his imprisonment, and is now an eminent shoemaker at Cork.

DONKEY RACE
AND
Jingling Match at Brighton

TOOK place on the 7th ult. when twelve of these modern *Rosinantes*, fully caparisoned, mounted by their ragged *whippers*, repaired to the North Parade, but there the sons of Mars interfered, and would not allow them to take their stand. They then proceeded to the cricket ground, followed by gentlemen on horseback, ladies in landaus, and an innumerable concourse of persons of all descriptions. After waiting some time in expectation of the arrival of the clerk of the course, to mark the ground, weigh the jockies, &c. he appeared mounted on a *grey nag*, and informed the *ragged* gentlemen, that the subscribers to the races would have them run outside the railing, on the North Parade. The *jockies* murmured, said their cattle's feet were tender, and that the stones would injure them; but it was all in vain, they were obliged to comply, and returned to the North Parade, where all the balconies were filled with ladies. A lamp-post, decorated with a yellow flag, was the starting post; two favourites were selected, one was named Pavilion, and its rider Buckle, and the other Sancho. Eight donkies started; each rider was distinguished by a bunch of ribbon, tied on his right arm. Pavilion's rider wore blue, and Sancho's pink. At last the bell rang for starting. Sancho was the favourite. The odds ran three to one in his favour. Bets were universal. The ladies were as sanguine as the gentlemen; four of the latter rode before, and cleared the course. The distance round the railing is half a mile. Sancho took the lead for half the course, then

Pavilion

Pavilion passed him, and came in first; the rest kicking behind. The bell then rang for the second heat, and Pavilion became the favourite. The gentlemen ran at the side, whipping and animating the coursers. Poor Sancho got frightened, bolted, and left the course, Pavilion coming in the victor. However, the knowing ones were not to be dismayed; a second match was made, and the bets were even, five guineas a side, which, after affording great sport, was won by Sancho. Then the jingling match commenced, which consisted of seven boys, six blindfolded, the seventh with a bell in his hand, another at his back, and a third at his breast; a ring was formed, and the blindfolded boys pursued the one with the bell. They were allowed half an hour to catch him; he was the victor in the present instance.

EXTRACT FROM A JOURNAL OF AN EXCURSION TO THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

Comprising a Fragment from the Memoirs of a Young Recluse. Translated from the French.

Continued from Vol. 26, p. 263.

I SHORTLY afterwards determined on withdrawing from the immediate reach of those shafts, which, in the metaphorical language of Euripides, are described as "steeped in desire;" and under the protection of a sufficient passport, I instantly directed my course towards Paris.

To this celebrated capital I flew with a spirit panting for refreshment, and determined to essay its most intoxicating allurements. I mingled with the throngs of the idle, the gay, and the profligate; but tranquillity eluded my pursuit. I changed the sphere of my diversions—I danced at Tivoli, trifled at Frascati, and fared splendidly in the sumptuous banquets at the Thuilleries—But my hopes were destined to disappointments, and I quickly shrunk from the scene with disgust and loathing.

"The only places of public diversion, which could at all interest my attention, were the theatres; and to them I was a constant visitor. The evening preceding the anniversary of the most celebrated of the national fetes, a favourite piece was announced for representation, and the most distinguished actors were chosen to support it.

The audience were expected to be unusually brilliant, and I therefore repaired in a rich habit, at an early hour, to the place of exhibition, and procured admission into one of the Consular boxes. The situation was conspicuous, and at the extremity of the parterre. I thought I could discern three or four robust, hard-favoured men, directing their eyes towards this part of the house with particular earnestness. I noticed it, however, as a circumstance by no means extraordinary, and sat out the performance with the usual indifference.

The night was mild and uncommonly fine; I therefore dismissed my servants and equipage, and determined, as the distance was but short, to walk home to my apartments. My road lay through the *Place des Victoires*, in the centre of which, preparations were then making for erecting a statue to General Dessaix, who had fallen in the battle of Marengo. Here, while I leaned for some moments against the

the railing, a gentle composure stole imperceptibly over my senses, and lulled them for a while into tranquillity. I raised my looks with awful reverence to the heavens; and as I gazed on the glittering spangles which invested the firmament, my soul swelled with the wondrous view, and my brain grew bewildered with the extent of its conceptions.

As I was thus entranced in contemplation, three ruffians sprang suddenly upon me, and dragged me blindfolded, between them. I was at length conducted down a flight of steps, to a dark and dreary passage, leading to an arch, which was closed by a huge iron door. Here the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I was carried into a room whose appearance was calculated to confound the most undaunted. In this place these desperadoes nightly assembled to celebrate their revels, and soon a most infernal scene of uproar and confusion followed. I was so placed that the only lamp with which this den was lightened, glared full in my countenance, to render any attempt at escape impossible for concealment. Presently the leader of the crew appeared, clad in a long dark robe, which shadowed his whole figure. He stalked with a slow and solemn pace towards the upper end of the vault, and seating himself in the chair of authority, glanced towards the spot where I stood guarded. Instantly he seemed to shrink from the light, as though he had encountered some unwelcome object: he wrapped his face in his cloak, and in a broken voice murmured out, "Leave us friends, we must confer in private."

They hesitated, as unconscious of his meaning.

"Leave us." he repeated in a hoarser tone. "Begone. The ruffians trembled and retired.

My situation now grew intolerably horrid! I dreaded lest the resolution I had before been able to support, should totally desert me. In this conjuncture, I summoned despair to my aid, and despair lent new energy to my fainting spirits.

"The bravo advanced towards me, he raised aloft his hand, and suddenly throwing aside his mantle, rushed fiercely forwards, and—sank oppressed upon my bosom. Heavens! what were my sensations when he looked up, and discovered to me the face of Mezentius. "Suspend, I conjure you," said he, "all inquiries—a moment's delay is fatal to us both, this ring with which these merciless slaves have invested me, will secure your retreat unquestioned. Take quick these pistols, be assured, and confident—away—I attend you.

We fled with feet of wind, nor stopped till we had found shelter under the most sacred protection. Here Mezentius acquainted me that he had been entrapped by the banditti, in the early part of the last week, who, after rifling him of his treasure, had been deterred from their intention of dispatching him, by an instance of muscular agility, which he displayed, in attempting to effect his escape, and which led them to imagine he might be of important service if compelled to become their associate. It was his interest to assent to their proposal. He was, however, for the first days most rigidly confined; till, in one of their scenes of frantic merriment, he had so completely overpowered the strongest of their party, that he was appointed by universal suffrage, in the temporary absence of their chief, to conduct the management of the

affairs

affairs of the society. This however was too important an office to be intrusted to a delegate without the utmost jealousy, and he was closely watched accordingly. He had nevertheless found means to apprize the police of their place of concealment, and he had reason to believe that measures were at that moment concerting for their destruction.

This was actually the case; the miscreants were all seized the next morning, and made some atonement in their deaths, for the enormities which stained their lives.

"I continued with Mezentius about a fortnight; when his permission for absence expiring, he hastened to join his regiment, as he was then engaged in the Austrian service. I accompanied him to * * *, and thence proceeded towards Erlang."

The stranger here signified a desire to close the narrative; after, therefore, obtaining permission to wait upon him on the day following, I obeyed his wishes, and withdrew.

I delayed my visit till late in the evening, and was shewn into a retired apartment.

The young chevalier, who seemed insensible of my entrance, was sitting at a table, habited in deep mourning.

The chamber was dark and gloomy; at his right hand was placed a solitary lamp, whose rays were concentrated towards a volume which lay open before him, and with which he appeared intensely occupied.

As I approached nearer, he arose to meet me, and with an air of solemn dignity, apologized for his apparent inattention. After talking on indifferent subjects for a few minutes, he motioned to me to sit down, as he himself did on the other side of the table. Here a long pause ensued! That graceful stateliness which struck me so forcibly on my first introduction, seemed insensibly to forsake him; his head sunk drooping on his bosom, and his countenance became marked with the severest traces of deep and unutterable anguish.

At length a profound sigh involuntarily escaped from him; when suddenly starting from his chair, he for some minutes paced the room in broken and disordered steps; then stopping short, and mournfully striking his forehead, he burst forth into the beautiful apostrophe of Jaffier:

"Tell me why, kind Heaven,
Thou mad'st me what I am—with all the spirit,
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,
That fill the happiest man? Ah! rather, why
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fortunes,
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens?
Why have I sense to feel the wrong that's on me?
Is this first dealing nature?"

Then turning towards me, of whose presence he had just before been totally unconscious, he appeared as if suffering under the most poignant embarrassment. I felt anxious to relieve him, and with a view to divert his attention from the subject with which it was more immediately interested, I took up the volume which had engaged him previously to my entrance, and read aloud the following passage:

* * * * * * * * * *

"Does not this passage, Sir," said I, "sufficiently instruct us in the duties annexed to the condition of humanity, and clearly point out the path to honour and to glory? Yet mournful as is the sad reflection, how

how few seem anxious to pursue it! How seldom are those few enabled to conduct their progress with undeviating virtue?"

He assented to the observation, but remarked that, "the exalted lessons, which philosophy inculcates, are inaccessible to a considerable portion of mankind, whose avocations necessarily require that their whole energies should be mechanically directed to some confined pursuit; while others, and those by far the greater number, are destined to languish under the contraction of dark and perpetual ignorance."

"Were it otherwise," he continued, "the whole order of the creation, so far at least as relates to that part of the system which comprises the operations of human nature, must suffer an entire revolution. If mankind were to become universally those contemplative beings, which is implied in the title given them by Greece*, a new order of things would necessarily arise in the world. Those refinements, which long custom has taught us to consider as essential to the circumstances of our condition, philosophy would reject as superfluous. The manufacturer and artizan would cease to be known in the community; commerce would languish under the degradation of opulence, and all intercourse between distant nations become totally annihilated.

"But though I consider the policies and regulations by which mankind are influenced, as inevitably excluding a considerable portion from the higher classes of ethical perfection, I cannot but participate in your regret that few have been able to make those efforts of extraordinary virtue, which claim from succeeding ages the tribute of grateful admiration.

"When in these sickening moments of despondency, which perhaps in some measure, originate from the tedium of solitude, I have withdrawn my reflections from the systems of visionary excellence, and turned my thoughts inward on myself, my conscious follies cover me with confusion, and my soul is humbled in the dust.

"Under the influence of these gloomy meditations, my condition becomes intolerably irksome. It is then that I take a retrospective survey of my past existence, and being unable to trace out a single incident which memory records, with approbation, I become abandoned by my own esteem.

"The dreadful visitation to which I have before alluded, checks the vigour of enterprise, and confines and cripples every exertion. It has never allowed me to achieve even a solitary object of my wishes, however ardently I may have engaged in the attempt. But, bound and subdued by the weight of its oppression, every nobler pursuit has constantly eluded my attainment, and the collected energies of my mind sink under its predominating influence.

* Ἀνθρωπος.—Plato, in his Cratylus, forms this word from αναθρει οπωπως, "he contemplates, having seen," as man is the only animal who reasons on the object of his senses. The process of the formation is as follows:

1. The second α in αναθρει is removed, which reduces the two words to ανθρει οπωπως. 2. The attic redaplication in οπωπως being taken away, there remains ανθρει ωπως. 3. A crasis of ει, with ω, gives us ανθρωπος.

"The

"The name of this horrid malady is a secret which must descend with me to the grave. Nature appears to have affixed on it the seal of degradation, and all her creatures respect the mark. Thus baffled and depressed in every undertaking, should my destinies assign to me a protracted existence, I can contemplate nothing in the prospect, but shadows, clouds, and darkness!

"Often while I burn with shame at my inglorious indolence, my bosom fires with chivalrous ardour, and I pant for the honours of military service. Presently the delirium ceases; a calmer interval succeeds, and I feel all the agonies of a wounded spirit.

"Were it given me to chastise insolence, to dethrone oppression, or redress the wrongs of injured innocence; or could I assert the honour of my country in the ranks of embattled squadrons; with alacrity would I obey the glorious impulse, even unto death. Or were I qualified to proclaim the edicts of salvation, to liberate the sceptic from the manacles of ignorance and atheism, and call the apostate spirit back to the worship of its God; I would dedicate my life to the service of religion, and enforce its dictates with all the unremitting ardour of the sincerest and most fervent zeal! But these are pursuits from which my destinies exclude me. The path of glory fades before my view; and I languish out the bloom of youth in senseless inactivity, while the blossoms of early manhood are untimely withered and decayed!"

At the close of the last period, he rose from his chair, probably distrusting his firmness, should the conversation be farther continued. As his junior in age, and therefore necessarily less experienced, though I felt sincerely desirous to dissipate his melancholy, I forbore, from motives of delicacy, to suggest any of those modes of consolation which, in more ordinary cases, are efficaciously administered.

I therefore withdrew, after the usual expressions of obligation, tacitly assigning it to time, and the strength of his constitution to operate some favourable change.

He attended me to the vestibule, and then gracefully bowing, retired to his studies.

DEAD HORSE AND HIS SKIN.

Palace-Court, Westminster.

SEAL *v.* WILSON,

THIS action occasioned much laughter in the court. The plaintiff was an embarrassed publican, and his case, as laid in the declaration, was, that he put the poney, which he valued at 10l. into the hands of the defendant, a stable-keeper, to make the best of it for him; but, he made the best he could of it for himself;' and he could not get it back, or any acknowledgment but a pretence that it was dead, and its skin sold; finding the poney resuscitated, he brought this action to recover its value. The counsel for the defendant made a humourous speech on the unhappy old poney, aged 24 years, "grown aged and used up," and called witnesses in the horse-dealing line, to the value; one said, nearer 5s. than 5l. another, he would give nothing at all for it; and a third, who was a horse-dealer from his cradle, said, 18s. The unfortunate poney departed this life, and its skin and carcase were sold for 18s. The jury found the *dead horse* was worth 5l. which they gave in damages.

SATIRICAL REMARKS
ON SOME OF THE
SPECTACLES AND DIVERSIONS OF THE ENGLISH,

Extracted from a Letter written by the late Prince Le-Boo, to his Father, the King of the Pelew Islands.

WHAT I have said to you, beloved sire, on the politics of these people, has been short and superficial; because you have taught me to speak with diffidence, and reserve on matters of this high nature; and because the laws, by which this country is governed, are too numerous and profound to be hastily learned. Their customs and manners, also require a longer residence than I have yet made among them, to be clearly comprehended and fairly judged. Our prejudices do not suffer us to reflect that these ought always to be considered with a reference to the climate, wants, and civil condition of the country. As experience ripens my judgment, expect from me better remarks on all these particulars; at present, accept, with your usual indulgence, such observations as have occurred to me; they will at least serve to mark the stages of my improvement as you shall compare those of different dates together.

I shall first of all present you with a sketch of their amusements, in which you told me, in our last conversation before I mounted into the great floating-castle, I should see a vast deal of the temper and natural character of the people I was about to visit. You will scarce credit it, but I assure you I make continual mistakes between their amusements and their business; and sometimes imagine they are pursuing some sport, when in reality they are occupied about objects of a serious and solemn nature. For, notwithstanding this people are capable of such stupendous efforts of art and science, they have a way of mixing a littleness of character with their grandeur of spirit, qualities that are held incompatible with us; and thus is produced a sort of farcical and ridiculous disproportion. This equivocal appearance of many of their proceedings, will doubtless fill my letters with numerous errors, but I shall take care to rectify them as I advance in my acquaintance with the subject: so as in the end to communicate some advantage to yourself, and consequently to my dear country, from these opportunities which I owe to your indulgence.

To begin, then, you must know, that the other day I was carried to a very large room, in which they told me was assembled the great council of the nation: but I presently saw through it, and perceived clearly that it was a kind of game in imitation of a senate; and indeed it was performed so well, that had it not been for a great deal of laughing, coughing, scraping, and hallooing, it might have been imposed upon me for a real assembly of the great men of the nation, met to debate on its most important interests; for here and there, there was a vast deal of animation assumed and eloquence displayed, and even moments of gravity, such as characterize all our meetings for the good of our country. My ignorance disqualified me for participating in the joke; but from the eagerness and perseverance with which it was pursued, I could plainly perceive that it was very entertaining to those engaged.

The following night I was taken to an exhibition called a Masquerade, which I only mention here as

as a contrast to the humorous scene I was present at the day before; since it seems more properly a ceremony than an amusement. I mention it too as one instance, among a very few, in which this generous people have used a reserve towards me in the explanation of their manners and customs; for they would have fain persuaded me that this masquerade, as it is called, was a mere diversion among the young men and women of quality, while nothing could be more clear than that it was a religious celebration. I can conceive it so natural to laugh at the practices of other countries, especially those which appertain to their religion, that I own I must think them entirely excuseable for veiling those rights and mysteries, for the present, from my eyes, until I shall have worn off my first prejudices. There was something splendidly solemn in this whole ceremony, and if there was any interruption to the gravity of the scene, it was occasioned by some strange cries, and whimsical contortions, which however ridiculous they appear to the inhabitants of other countries, I have no doubt, make a very serious impression on the bosoms of the natives, as being in honour of the different deities they adore. There was a vast variety of dresses, which I conceived to be representative of particular orders and descriptions, who thus, through the medium of one of their fraternity, offered their respective adoration; while the priests wore all the same clothing, called by the natives a domino. I say I conceived all this, because a certain awe and timidity which I felt, made me forbear any questions that might seem to result from impertinent curiosity.

There is one circumstance respecting this country, which, to my ideas, is altogether unaccountable; and that is the great leisure they have for idlenesss, in the midst of such proofs of their labour and ingenuity, as overpower the imagination.

They are extremely fond of dancing; a pastime which implies much less exertion with them, than with us; and consists chiefly in eating, drinking, and wearing fine ornaments. They extend this accomplishment even to the brute creation, even to bears, and I observe that even their dogs are taught to dance in the streets of the capital, so much leisure have Englishmen to bestow upon these diversions.

Their hunting is of various kinds, but the principal object of it is a poor little timid animal they call a Hare. I have not yet seen it, but I hope to be enabled to send you a description of it, together with an account of the birds and beasts of the country. I cannot however forbear mentioning one particular property ascribed to it, that of loving to be hunted, although its entertainment consists solely in being torn to pieces by dogs. I was assured, however, of this, by a person who is very fond of the chase. Another species of hunting, in which apparently they take great delight, is that of a huge animal, called in their language, Ox; and this takes place often in the streets of their city, to the great terror of all who do not mix in the sport. There are no dogs used in this kind of hunting, at least I could perceive none; indeed I was hurried away by my kind protectors so quick, when the beast approached, that I could see but very little of their mode of proceeding, though I beheld enough to make me wonder at such

such a predilection in a people who are in a thousand respects so civilized and so humane.

In my future account of the beasts of this country, I shall say a great deal to you by and by, about a beautiful animal, called the Horse, which will with great ease and celerity, bear a man from place to place upon his back. They make this animal conducive to their sport, in an amusement they term Racing, in which two or more of them, are made to run one against the other, with men on their backs, and wounded all the way with sharp spikes. I cannot help wondering how good men can be pleased with such sights, for it seems an unnatural and ungenerous contest, when two animals are urged beyond their strength, and forced on by violent treatment.

The other day I observed two men in a field, stripped as naked as it is the custom with us, and beating one another, till they were covered with blood, for the diversion of an infinite number of spectators, who seemed to be delighted with the scene.

Though our enemies, taken in war, have often been slaughtered before my eyes, yet I could so ill bear to see this fury between countrymen, and, as I was told, between men who had never quarrelled, and all to amuse their fellow-creatures, that I turned away my eyes, and was sorrowful all the rest of the day. It added a good deal to my chagrin, to observe in my way home, two dogs very furiously engaged, and while they were miserably tearing one another to pieces, a vast number of people gathering round them, and provoking their fury, by clapping their hands, and a thousand savage gesticulations.

They have also another sport here, of a piece with some I have already mentioned, termed by the natives, Cock-fighting. The entertainment consists in contemplating a very fierce combat, between two very large birds of great beauty, and signal use to mankind, which they arm with instruments which enable them to inflict dreadful wounds on each other, till one of them expires in agonizing torture. I am sorry to add that I have seen some poltroons amuse themselves with throwing sticks at this noble bird, which for that purpose they had confined by the leg. But I am told this amusement is on the decline.

Their principal amusement in their own houses, appears to be derived from a certain number of thin substances, spotted in a certain manner with different colours, and which, though they allow they gain no ideas from them, will entertain them during the time that your majesty would take to repel an invasion of your dominions. I am prejudiced against this amusement, because I have observed it operate very unpleasantly on the countenances of those who were engaged in it; and I have seen some very handsome persons while playing at cards, entirely stripped of what rendered them before so amiable in my eyes. They have not yet made me comprehend how it can be, but they tell it me, as an undoubted truth, that oftentimes men loose every thing that is valuable to them in this amusement, if it deserve that name after we are told of this its destructive tendency. So that be assured, beloved father, I will not attempt to acquire so pernicious a talent.

But the pastime of which this great people seems most enamoured, is what their language denominates a

Play.

Play. I have not yet been present at one, so that I cannot pretend to give you any account of it; but as far as I can understand such descriptions as have been given me of it, it is a powerful engine, whether it be used on the side of vice or virtue. I will send you a full account of the first I shall be permitted to attend: but I fear the silence observed about this amusement by my dearest friends, is on account of the neglect into which this its moral efficacy may have sunk in the present times.

The other day I was present at a diversion which at first wore a formidable appearance, but soon turned out to be a very insignificant spectacle. A number of persons armed with weapons, which they call Bows and Arrows, and which serve to the same purpose nearly as our slings and spears, met together on a spacious plain. The professed object of their meeting is to send their arrows into a painted piece of wood, which they denominate a target: but not more than a small number of those that came with that pretence, partook at all in the diversion; so that to make a display before a great number of women of the country, of their persons and decorations, looks to be the major part of the real object which assembles them. I could not be easily convinced that all this noise and parade was to answer no political end: at one time it occurred to me, that it was a sort of divination, by which heaven was consulted in the appointment to certain posts of eminence, and that the generals of armies, and captains of expeditions, were chose in this kind of lottery; at another, that some secret terrors of an invasion had begun to spread in the country, and that this martial exercise was meant as a preparative to a vigourous defence. I was at length however persuaded, that they were a very peaceable set of people, and that all this uproar proceeded only from an outrageous love of flourish and shew; and, in fact, for nothing more than an apology for a feather in their hats. There is always a great gathering from all parts to see this spectacle; and the ladies, for whose amusement the whole is designed, appear extravagantly pleased with beholding their husbands and relatives so cheaply metamorphosed into champions and warriors. The inoffensiveness however, and the pampered good-humour which appeared in their countenances, does not suffer one long to couple with them the idea of any thing that is terrible; and I much question, supposing these men had been cast on your majesty's dominions, instead of those to whom we are so much indebted, whether you would have found their assistance so serviceable in your battles.

BLOOD HORSES, &c.

As every object connected with the prosperity or opulence of this country, must be highly interesting to our readers, we present them with the following statement of horses, &c. sent to Russia, and other countries, mostly from Yorkshire. The exportation of the English horse forms no mean article of British commerce, and is daily increasing. We believe the returns prove pretty beneficial to the industrious adventurer, and must be no less so to the intelligent breeder, who makes it his study to attend to the blood of his mares, and of the

the different stallions in use in the country, as on that alone depends the value of his stock.

We shall likewise have it shortly in our power to give an account of all the most celebrated stallions now in America; all of which have been sent from this country.

EXPORTED FROM ENGLAND, 1805.

In April last, by Mr. Gilbank, to Russia.—The beautiful grey horse Dapple, foaled in 1796, late the property of Mr. C. Smith. He was got by Citizen, out of a grey Young Marsk mare. In 1800, he won 50l. at Warwick; in 1801, 50l. at Nantwich, 50l. at Bridgenorth, 50l. at Warwick; in 1802, 50l. at Bridgenorth, twice 50l. at Hereford, the King's Plate at Warwick, 50l. at Leicester; and in 1803, the King's Plate at Nottingham. After being beat by Ashton, at Chester, May 3, 1804, he was a stallion at Mr. Billington's, Delamere Forest, Cheshire, where he also covered, until he was sold to Mr. Hundrell, of Shrewsbury, who bought him by commission for Mr. Gilbank. The price 650gs.

Mr. Hundrell also lately purchased, by commission, the chesnut stallion, Young Glaucus, of Mr. Johnson, near Mould, Flintshire, for 275gs. He was got by Glaucus, son of Diomed, out of a well-bred hunting mare. He was in great repute as a stallion, and was a very capital hunter.

By Mr. Strubberg, for Hamburgh.—The beautiful bay stallion, Young Turk, by Turk, a son of the late Lord Bolingbroke's Turk; out of a hunting mare. He was the property of Messrs. Fawdington and Co. in the East-Riding of Yorkshire, where his stock is much approved of, and a great number have been sold for high prices for hunters and exportation.

The last son of King Fergus, bred by Sir Martin Stapylton, Bart. of Myton, near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, out of a good hunting mare. He was a fine bay, had good powers, with plenty of bone, and excellent action.

Mr. Strubberg was also the purchaser of the fine and beautiful chesnut horse, Saxoni, of which see an interesting account in our Magazine for last Month, page 381. He likewise purchased a great number of fine horses of various descriptions in this country, which were shipped, with the above, at Hull, on or about the 5th of October.

By Mr. Thomas Kirby to Russia.—Allan, bred by Mr. T. Hutchinson, and sold to Sir Rowland Winn, Bart. He is a good chesnut, 15 hands an inch and a half high, with no white, five years old, and never raced. He was got by John Bull; his dam, Alexina, Houghton Lass's dam, by King Fergus, out of Lardella, by young Marsk.

Auctioneer, bred by Sir Rowland Winn, Bart. a bright bay, 15 hands three inches high, four years old, and got by Beningbrough; his dam, Eustatia, by Highflyer: grandam, Wren, by Woodpecker, out of Papillon, the dam of Sir Peter Teazle, &c.

Bay Moston, bred by the late William Massey, Esq. a good bay, 15 hands three inches high, six years old, and was got by soldier; his dam by Woodpecker; grandam, Indiana, Steady's dam, by Snap, out of Nettle, Nettletop's dam, by Bajazet.

Elizabeth, bred by Mrs. Goodricke, a bay filly, three years old, and got by Overton, out of Miss Judy, the dam of Cardinal, Lignum Vitæ, &c.

Young

Young Precipitate, late the property of Richard Watt, Esq. a bay colt, 15 hands three inches high, three years old, and got by Precipitate; his dam, own sister to Peter Pindar, by Javelin, out of Sweetheart, by King Herod, Snap, Regulus.

Besides the above, Mr. Kirby takes with him several very valuable horses, &c. of various descriptions, the greatest part of which are thorough-bred. They were expected to be shipped at Hull about the 11th of October.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

YORK RACES.

THE three Subscription-Purses having closed at the last August Meeting, a renewal for four years is again proposed, by Subscribers of 25gs each, to be run for on the Wednesday by five years old horses, &c. 8st. 7lb. each, four miles; on the Thursday by six year olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. four miles; and on the Friday by four years old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies 8st. 4lb. four miles. A Subscriber is entitled to start any horse, &c. *bona fide* his property, for any of the three, and the Subscription of 25gs is to be equally divided towards each Purse, and the City of York will add 50l. to each. The following Noblemen and Gentlemen have become Subscribers, viz. His R. H. the Prince of Wales, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl of Darlington, Earl of Strathmore, Sir George Armytage, Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Sir William Gerard, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Sir Frank Standish, Mr. Wentworth, Mr. H. Pierce, Mr. Clifton, Mr. Mellish, Mr. C. Wilson, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Brandling, Mr. E. L. Hodgson, and Mr. Watt.—The Subscription is left open until the first day of January next.

There is also a proposal for a Gold Cup, by Subscription of 20gs each, and the value thereof to be to the full amount; and likewise proposals for various Sweepstakes for different sums, the all of whom will close on the first day of January 1806, and which shall have an insertion in our Magazine for that month.

YORK Spring Meeting, 1806.—First Day.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, all ages.—Two miles.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. m. Sally, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb.
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Sir Launcelot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Hutton's br. c. Cleveland, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.
Mr. Burton's ch. c. Percy, by Stamford, out of Belle-Fille, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb.

Second Day.—Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yrs old colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—The last mile and half.

Lord Fitzwilliam's b. f. sister to Sir Solomon
Sir W. Gerard's c. by Alexander, dam by Sir Peter
Mr. Mellish's b. f. Flighty, by Traveller
Mr. Grimston's b. c. Woldsman, by Sir Peter
Mr. Clifton's b. c. Fyldene, by Sir Peter
Mr. Walker's ch. c. Baronet, brother to Brough
Mr. Burton's b. c. Holderness, by Beningbrough.

SATURDAY before the August Meeting, 1806.—Mr. Hills Talisman agst Mr. Burton's Percy, 8st. 4lb.

4lb. each.—Two miles, 200gs, h. ft.

Lord Darlington's b. c. by Sir Peter out of Æthe, agst Sir M. M. Sykes's Sir Reginald, 8st. 7lb. each.—Four miles, 200gs, p. p.

CROYDON FAIR.

PICKPOKET'S SLANG.

ON Thursday morning, October 3, Crocker, jun. and W. Smith, two of the patrole belonging to the Public Office, Bow-street, went to Croydon fair, in pursuit of a man of bad character, against whom they have charges. About nine o'clock, as they were returning to town on a hackney coach, they stopped at the White Hart public-house on the Brixton Causeway. Crocker went into the tap-room, where he was accosted in a very familiar manner by a youth about sixteen years of age, with "How are you, what luck have you had to-day?" The officer did not know him, but answered, "None in particular. The boy then said, "Why I have had good luck, me and the *kid*, pointing to a boy about fourteen years of age, have *shook* a *dummy* (picked a pocket) at the *gaff* (the fair), with about 20l. of *screens* (bank notes); and observed, the boy his companion was as good a *kid* as little Jack Parker, who was lately *lagged* (transported); and that they had *shook*, and had got twenty-two *fogills* (pocket handkerchiefs) that morning. He had been *scurft* (taken into custody) at the *gaff* for *drawing* (taking any thing out of a pocket) a *reader* (a pocket book), but he had *dinged it* (thrown it away), he was kept in *lumber* (confinement), and then they kicked him and let him go.

Crocker, finding the boy mistook him for some thief, did not undeceive him, and determined not to discover himself till he had learned all he could of their depredations; conversed with him in his own way, and very properly asked him what he had done with the *swog* (property that has been stolen)? The boy said, he had sent it to London. Crocker then in a very friendly manner, asked him whether he was going to town? He would give him and his *pal* (companion) a ride, which the boys agreed to, and they got upon the coach with Crocker. They had not gone far upon the road, when they observed a boy; the two boys on the coach gave the rogues' whistle, which the boy on the road understood; and Crocker asked who he was? they answered, he was another *good kid*. In a short time after, the boys proposed to Crocker to go with them to Astley's, and *shake some dummies*, and get some *thimbles* (watches), as he had not got any *thimbles* for two or three days past; to which Crocker agreed. The eldest boy then asked Crocker whether he ever went to any of the *spells* (plays), or whether he ever went to any balls or routs? because, if they could agree to go together to such places, they might contrive to get hold of some old *swell* (a rich man), and might manage to *draw him* of a *good dummy* (pocket book); he farther said, he never touched any thing but *dummys*, *fogills*, and *thimbles*. He said he meant to buy a *prad* (a horse), as he intended to go a *dragging* (robbing waggons on the road). The coach stopped at the Cannon public-house, in the Westminster road, when Crocker told the boys they would have some gin before they went to Astley's; and, having got

got them into the house, he said to them, "come my lads, I must see what you have about you:" when the youths stared at each other with the utmost astonishment, and made use of the most horrid blasphemous oaths, and said, why, is it possible we have been talking to *traps* (police officers)? The patrole soon convinced them they were so, being provided with hand-cuffs for them all. They searched them, and found two handkerchiefs, three knives, and various sums in cash and notes. The officers lodged them in a watch-house, and on Friday morning, they underwent an examination before Mr. Bond, at the Public Office, Bow-street. While Crocker was reciting the dialogue between him and the young thieves, the magistrate, and every one present, were in a roar of laughter. Mr. Bond asked the eldest boy how he came to be so deceived as to suppose Crocker to be a thief, and tell him his depredations? He replied, that he observed Crocker speaking to a thief in the fair, and he supposed, of course, he was likewise one, and that he was there for the purpose of picking pockets, as well as himself. Among the depredations he told Crocker he had committed at the fair, was one on Wednesday, when he got a *reader* (pocket book) with between 20 and 30l. in bank notes, and four banker's checks in it; two of them he had got *smashed* (passed), and for the other two payment was stopped. They were committed for farther examination.

A Correspondent observes, in respect to Croydon fair, that on the morning of the 2d instant, at an early hour, all descriptions of crazy vehicles were plying for Croydon; they got well loaded with the usual proportion of Kent-street, Dyot-street, and Mint-street fashionables, who were highly amused with the elegance of their entertainment. Old Spanish walnuts, and hedge-nuts for filberts, furnished jaw-work for the grinders. Geese, literally *green*, and ducks most pitifully lean, were to be obtained at a good high price, with ox-cheek gravy, well filled with onions. After such a *savoury* meal, the visitants repaired to the fair field, where theatrical candle-snuffers and scene-shifters did most wonderfully enact kings, princes, and heroes, to the great gratification of the multitude. The lady actresses from the *private* theatres performed in such a way as to beggar all description. At their *tragedy* all was in a roar of *laughter*, and their pantomical feats were such as excited the fear of the spectators that they would dislocate their necks in consequence of real awkwardness.

PUGILISM.

GAME CHICKEN AND GULLEY.

THIS contest, which has been so long pending, and excited such a considerable degree of interest among the amateurs of pugilism, was decided on Tuesday morning, October 8, at Hailsham a small village on the Sussex Downs, between Brighton and Lewes. The occasion of this desperate *rencontre* between these celebrated champions, arose from the following accidental occurrence:—Gulley and the Chicken (Pearce) both came from the vicinity of Bristol, and the former, who has since been a butcher in London,

London, being imprisoned for debt, the Chicken paid his townsman a friendly visit of condolence. It so happened, that there were gloves in the room, and for the sake of exercise, it was proposed that they should have a set-to at sparring; the result of which proved highly favourable to Gulley, who rewarded the Chicken for his visit with several severe blows. This being reported to Mr. Fletcher Read, who is the Mecænas of pugilism, and patronises all the rising genius in gymnastic talent, he said, "Gulley shall fight the Chicken." His debt was accordingly discharged: and, after six weeks training at Virginia Water, the parties met in Hampshire; but, from a suspicion of a cross, the decision of the engagement was postponed.

If we trace the history of pugilism, it will be found that whenever a hero has entitled himself to be denominated the champion of the day, another has sprung up to dispute his claim. The Chicken, it was well known, had fought three victorious battles within a short period, and his fame was so bruited abroad, that by universal assent he acquired the merit and proud title of the Champion of England. Enemies, jealous of his honours, pretended that his prior battles had been fought with mere tyros in the science of pugilism. Be it so—the inference could only be assumed from his having uniformly conquered his opponents without even a scratched face, or the slightest bruise. Doubtless, as he himself expresses it, rather with more energy than elegance, he could, without difficulty, "*null* the three men, one after another." The Chicken seldom hits with his left hand, but he uses it expertly in stopping, while he throws in, with his right, blows as forcible as those of Milo the Crotonian, and equally capable of felling an ox.

Gulley is but little known to the Londoners. He never before signalized himself in any pitched battle for a large sum. Soon after the Chicken had beat his last man, Cart, six months since, no one could be found who would venture to oppose him. Gulley is much such a made man as Belcher, but somewhat taller and longer reached.—In point of muscular appearance, an accurate judge would not contemplate him as a man cast in the precise mould for fighting. He was no ways disheartened by the reflection of his antagonists's celebrity.—On the contrary, he has always, since the match was made, anticipated an easy conquest.

At ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, the combatants met at Hailsham, near East Bourne; and after a short conference amongst the amateurs, a twenty-four feet rope ring was formed on a green adjoining the village. At one o'clock the combatants entered, Tom Jones and Dick Whell for Gulley, and Clark and J. Ward for the Chicken. Two to one was offered, in vain, on the favourite.

THE FIGHT.—1st Round. Gulley hit at the Chicken hard; the blow fell short, and he was knocked down—3 to 1.

2d. Gulley made a hit, received a slight blow, and fell.

3d. Chicken made a blow at his opponent's head, which fell short; Gulley hit a slight blow, and dropped again.

4th. Chicken smiled with confidence; both hit at once; the blows were stopped, and Gulley fell.

5th. Chicken hit his opponent in the neck, which knocked him down.

6th.

5th. Chicken hit his opponent with both hands; Gulley fell—10 to 2 on the Chicken.

7th. Chicken knocked down his man without ceremony.

8th. Long sparring; Chicken made a blow which Gulley stopped, and put in one which brought his opponent down.

9th. Chicken enraged, went in, knocked down his man, and smiled at him.

10th. Gulley made a hit, which the Chicken stopped, and put in a severe blow on his opponent's breast. Gulley fell.

11th. Gulley put in a good blow; the Chicken knocked him off his legs.

12th. Gulley knocked the Chicken down by a hard blow on the mouth.

13th. In this round Gulley made play, which convinced the spectators of his manhood. He gave the Chicken two hard blows and fell.

14th. Gulley in good spirits; the Chicken hit him off his legs.

15th. Both hit at the same time, and both blows told. Gulley made a second hit and fell.

16th. Gulley shy, and fell without a blow.

17th. This was one of the best rounds ever witnessed. Prior to this the combatants did not exhibit marks of any severe blows. The Chicken, convinced of an easy conquest, went in to his opponent without ceremony; Gulley rallied, and blows were exchanged, without stopping, upwards of a minute. Gulley had evidently the advantage in the rally, and the Chicken ultimately fell, after having received two hard blows on his left eye.

18th. Chicken bled copiously from the blows given in the rally.—Gulley slipped down whilst making play.

19th. This was as good a round as the 17th. Gulley rallied, the Chicken returned it, and after he had received more hard hits, they closed and fell, to the advantage of Gulley.—Bets were now only 6 to 4 on the Chicken.

20th. Long opposing, the Chicken apparently blind with one eye, and bleeding copiously, was very shy. Gulley followed him round the ring, and was ultimately knocked down.

21st. Chicken could not be got at, and Gulley, in making a blow, fell.

22d. No blow struck.

23d. A long round. Gulley received a blow on the side of the head whilst falling, which made him very sick.

24th. Chicken made a false hit; Gulley gave him a hard blow on the right eye, and attempted to fall, but Chicken hit him a hard blow whilst on his knees. Loud murmuring, and a cry of foul.

25th. Chicken very shy; Gulley eagerly followed him round the ring; blows were exchanged, and Gulley fell.

26th, 27th, and 29th rounds in favour of the Chicken.

30th. Gulley hit the Chicken a hard blow and fell. The Chicken stood over him exasperated.

31st. Long sparring; Chicken made an unsuccessful hit; Gulley caught him over his guard, and completely blinded his right eye.

32d. No blow.

33d. Chicken still shy; Gulley followed him round the ring, and received a knock-down blow on the throat; Gulley very weak.

34th and 35th. No blows.

36th. A very long round. Gulley made a hit at the Chicken's head,

head, which he caught, and returned with a slight blow. Gulley made a long hit, but the Chicken stopped it with his left hand, and knocked him down with the right.

37th. Both very bloody. No blows; the blood flowed in a stream from the ear of Gulley.

38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42d, and 43d, in favour of the Chicken; Gulley appeared too much intimidated to stand up and fight. By this time his head was swelled hideously, and both their eyes were nearly closed.

44th. Chicken gave his opponent another favourite hit on the throat, and Gulley fell exhausted.

The fight continued until the 64th round; but a detail of the rounds would be no gratification to our readers. Gulley had received such blows as deterred him from again facing his man. He protracted the fight, falling after making a feeble hit. In the round which ended the fight, the gentleman who backed him advised him to resign, after a combat of one hour and seventeen minutes.

The combatants were alike much beaten, and although the Chicken could scarcely see out of either eye, he appeared quite fresh.

A subscription was set on foot for Gulley by Mr. J. which was liberally supported by the noblemen and gentlemen in the ring.

Gulley was every thing that has been said of him.—Against any other man but the Chicken, he must have gained a conquest off hand. He fights without fear, and his blows are such as leave evident marks behind. He, however, uses his left hand but seldom, for if he could perform with it equal to his opponent, he might with safety bid him defiance.—He has stamped his fame, and is a match for any other bruiser. It would be needless for us to comment on the skill and death-like blows of the Chicken. He has but one more conquest to gain, when he may defy any challenge. Belcher is to fight him within two months for 500 guineas, play or pay.

At the conclusion of the fight, the Chicken came up to Gulley, who was held up by his friends, shook him by the hand, and said, "You're a damn'd good fellow—I am hard put to it to stand—You're the only man that ever stood up to me."

The company was of the better order, and not molested by the rabble who frequent the fights nearer to town.

Amongst the company present were some of the first characters in the kingdom.

The Duke of Clarence was a spectator on horseback.

A SECOND battle for 25 guineas was fought between Crib and Richmond the black. It would be insipid for us to enter into particulars respecting this fight, which, if it may be so called, lasted near an hour and a half. It was altogether tiresome; the Black danced about the ring, fell down, &c. while Crib, through fear, or some other motive, declined going in, and beating him off hand. It was altogether an unequal match, and an interval of 20 minutes together elapsed without a blow of any consequence being struck. Crib beat him without a hurt. The business of the day was not over till near five o'clock in the evening.

THE amateurs of pugilism were not so fortunate in Gloucestershire. A match had been made at Tewksbury

Tewksbury races, between William Perkins, of Warrington, in the county of Worcester, and Charles Ballinger, of Cheltenham, two celebrated champions. The Swan, at Staunton was fixed for the place of meeting, on Wednesday, October 2d, but the Rev. Mr. Commeline, a magistrate, immediately interposed his authority, and prevented it.—The concourse, consisting of 2000 people—many of whom had come a very considerable distance—then proceeded to Little London, in Herefordshire; where, intelligence having been communicated to the Rev. Dr. Yate, he instantly proceeded alone to the spot, there not being time to collect peace officers: he could not reach it, however, before the combat had begun; but he rushed into the field, and with great personal risk, took Perkins out of the ring, to his own house, and bound him over to keep the peace.

A person of distinction, it is said, attempted to persuade Dr. Yate of the policy of heightening the English spirit by these exhibitions, referring him to a recent weekly journal. The Doctor, however, having better authority upon which to ground his conduct, than the *dicta* of Peter Porcupine, whose opinions could not stand in competition with Blackstone and Burn, persisted in the discharge of his public duty, and dispersed the mob, who uttered their discontent in the most opprobrious language.

A special constable was next day sent over to Cheltenham, for Ballinger, who also entered into the usual recognizances. There were several persons of distinction from Cheltenham; one of whom brought Ballinger in his carriage.

The amateurs however will most probably elude the magisterial vigilance, on some future day.

THE

UNEXPECTED METAMORPHOSIS.

A SMIRKING dowager, not yet past the joys of her *dancing days*, but whose ringlets began too palpably to evince the hoary work of time, lately resolved on trying the efficacy of a celebrated fluid, in renovating the nut-brown hue of those faded tresses—

> "Whence erst the wanton God his wiles essay'd."

She purchased a bottle of the magic liquid from her wig maker, and hastened home to her toilet, anticipating the delight of renovated youth: she plentifully drenched her *Hyperion curls*, hoping by the next day's dawn to have rubbed off at least twenty years from the hoary register of her age. But what was her astonishment when, through some mismanagement in the application, she beheld, next morning, her *grizzly fleece* changed to a glaring *blue!* Black, auburn, red, or any other colour, except grey, would have been tolerable; but *blue hair* would have transgressed even the widest boundaries of fashionable caprice. The shocked and enraged lady concealed her misfortune under her head-dress; ordered her chair; flew to her luckless wig maker; dishevelled to his view her *azure* tresses, which stood on end, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine;" poured upon poor *Friz* a cataract of abusive rage, and called him by every appellation in the satirical nomenclature. The Gorgon Medusa, or the Witch of Endor, could not have more effectually deranged the nerves, or scared the imagination of the frighted curl-merchant; an ague of terror pervaded his limbs, and he shook from head to foot like

like the clown in Harlequin Skeleton; but was at length enabled, when the storm subsided, to procure a cessation of hostilities, by engaging to remedy the disaster, and to produce on the lady's ringlets the *tinge* she so much desired.

LOST POINTER RESTORED.

AN ENGRAVING.

AT the conclusion of last winter a favourite pointer, the property of P. H. Esq. of L. W. in Staffordshire, was one day running a rabbit on his master's lordship, in which there are many coal pits; the rabbit, it is supposed, run over an old pit, lightly covered over with sticks and rubbish, and which had not been worked for a number of years. It is likewise conjectured that the dog in his violent career over it, fell in, and was precipitated to the bottom, a considerable depth. This happened on the Thursday, when the dog was missed. On the Sunday following two boys strolling near the pit, heard from below a dismal cry; they were at first astonished, but feeling for the situation of whatever was below, they soon found means for one of them to be let down in a bucket with proper tackle, by some colliers. When at the bottom, poor honest Carlo was discovered in the most distressed situation, as if imploring the assistance of some friendly aid to release him from his forlorn condition. The boy let down secured him in the bucket, and both were landed safe, and poor Carlo conducted to his master, who very handsomely rewarded the rustics for their friendly act in rescuing the faithful quadruped from almost certain death.

THE RUSSIAN HUNTING OR HORN MUSIC.

THIS music was invented and brought to perfection by John Anthony Maresch, who was born in Bohemia, in 1719. He attended Count Bestuchef to Petersburgh in 1748; and there, being patronised by the Empress Elizabeth, he invented this new species of music, which is played upon the Russian hunting horn, made in the shape of a parabola, of thin brass or latten. A perfect band requires forty persons. In 1773, this band performed an entire opera at Moscow; and, in 1775, the opera of Alceste. In 1777, it had risen to such a pitch of perfection, as to execute with the same precision as any other orchestra, though with much greater effect, the overtures of *Henry IV. le Deserteur, la Belle Arsenic, &c.*

The perfect Russian horn music may be compared to that of a great organ, but with the advantage of being capable of increasing or diminishing the tone, whereas an organ can merely blow its tone with the same strength. At the same distance the tone of the hunting music assimilates to that of the harmonical glasses when near.

In calm weather it may be heard at four or five versts distance: and in a still night from an eminence, or by the water side, even as far as seven versts, or a German mile. This is at least five English miles every way, or in a circle of thirty miles in circumference.

Four versts are exactly three English miles.

FEAST

Lost Pointer restored.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

ANECDOTE of Lord Ellenborough.—When this nobleman was at the bar, the late Lord Kenyon was decidedly his enemy. That judge had the reputation of being an honest man, but his mind was not sufficiently expanded by education and an intercourse with society to correct a hasty and intemperate disposition, which he seemed to inherit from nature. On several occasions he thwarted Mr. Law, and expressed himself in terms bordering upon rudeness. This conduct was often resented with becoming spirit by Mr. Law; but the following is perhaps one of the most keen and dexterous pieces of sarcasm that was ever extorted from a barrister to a judge:—An indecorous allusion being made to him by one of the counsel, and which seemed to be relished by his lordship, Mr. Law began a most eloquent reply, to what he conceived a personal attack, by the following apposite quotation from the Æneid of Virgil:—

Dicta ferox non me tua fervida terrent
Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis.——

"Ruffian, no words of thine can move me: but I may tremble when Jove himself is my enemy."

WHEN the present Lord Holland was born, Mr. Fox, who had before been presumptive heir to the family estate and title, was said by a witty lady, to resemble a fine complexion which is injured by the *sun* and *air*.

AN Hibernian having been lately asked what a Witling was? replied, with a shrug of his shoulders, Witling, *i. e. wit-telling*, a fellow that has neither *fancy*, *wit*, nor *humour* in himself, and always spoils a *joke* when he attempts to *retail* the *wit* of others.

A WEST INDIAN, who had a remarkably fiery nose, sleeping in his chair, a negro boy, who was in waiting, observed a musquito hovering round his face. Quashi eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw him light upon his master's nose, and immediately fly off. "Ah! dam you heart!" exclaimed the negro, "Me dam glad to see you *burn you foot*."

IT is said that field-marshal *Winter*, with major-general *Frost*, second in command, are about to take the field in the course of six or eight weeks, when these veterans will completely blockade *Breast* harbour, at present very much *exposed*, and only slightly *fortified* with *gauze ramparts* nearly *transparent* almost to *Navel* point, with a distant view of a beautiful *neck*, *not* of land, in the back ground; the Russian General *Fur*, on the *warmth* of whose valour much reliance is placed, it is believed will be appointed to defend the fortress.

A CERTAIN old lady in Cheshire, whenever she hires a servant, asks him if he can whistle? On being requested by a friend to explain the cause of so singular a question, she replied, that when her footman went down into the cellar to draw ale, she always made him

him whistle until he returned, by which means she ensured his sobriety.

A CURIOUS circumstance lately happened in the church of Morton Baggots, in Warwickshire. During divine service, the clerk either in the fervency of his devotion, or in the action of gaping, opened his mouth so wide, as he pronounced the word "Amen"—that the poor fellow absolutely put out his jaw. He was obliged to go to Henley in Arden, three miles distant from the place, before he could get proper assistance, and have it set again.

AN Irish gentleman, a few days ago, observed to a friend, of a certain regiment, that for three weeks he never saw any regiment *improve so little in his life*—"For do you know," added he, "they *grow worse and worse every day*."

THE same gentleman having been at a ball at Tunbridge, and sat up very late, after observing that he was to go the next morning to Eastbourne to ride a race for his uncle, bluntly exclaimed, "By J—s, if my uncle wants *me* to ride his race, he must get *somebody else*."

A MUSICAL gentleman, while performing, was lately arrested by *two* bailiffs, who requested him to join them in a *trio;* I should rather imagine, said the unfortunate gentleman, you wish for a *catch*.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Jane Gubbins, whose virtues were such,
That her death was lamented—but *not much*.

WE are told of a Mr. Dodd, who lately walked for a wager *against* Time and *won* his bet. This is rather singular, as we never yet heard the *old gentleman* was beaten.

HINT TO BELL RINGERS.

Ye rascals of ringers, ye terrible foes,
And disturbers of all who are fond of repose!
How I wish, for the quiet and peace of the land,
That ye wore round your *necks* what ye pull with your *hand*.

A PUN.—A person in the city of Chester, who is noted for a high setter of shops, as they express it in the north, had one standing empty a long time, on account of the exorbitant rent he asked for it. a tradesman lately wrote upon the shutters "*Gibraltar*," where it remained two or three days before the meaning was found out, which is—it never will be taken.

AN Irishman who was present at the fight between Crib and the Black, observed, that although the latter got a severe beating, he by no means thought him faint hearted, as he never once changed *colour!*

LINES painted on a shewboard lately put up in Barrack-street, in the city of Norwich—

House painting—rags and pickings bought—
Hogs killed—and hornpipe dancing taught—
Small beer—and Godfrey's Cordial—yeast
Sold here—and teeth with ease displac'd.
The Itch—and something more in fashion—
Both cured without examination.
Corns cut—kibes cured—shoes made with list—
And leather breeches clean'd and dress'd—
Bricklaying jobs—and bleeding done—
By Marshall Purland, No. 1.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SANCHO and Bobtail.—The Committee to whom was referred the disputed race between Sancho and Bobtail at Lewes, have decided that the race was valid, that Sancho must be deemed the winner, and all bets be paid accordingly.

COURSING.—The match that was to have been run on the *bye-day*, of the next Malton Meeting, betwixt Mr. Mellish's black dog, got by Snowball, borrowed by Mr. Lascelles, and Major Topham's black dog, Snowdrop, got by Snowball, for 100gs. has been forfeited to Major Topham's Snowdrop. Mr. Mellish's dog has as yet, never been beaten by any greyhound brought against him.

SCOTLAND.—The Kilmeny annual greyhound matches took place there on Friday the 11th of October. The day was fine, the ground in good order, and the company numerous and in high spirits.—Many fine dogs were up, and several close matches were run; but not being informed of particulars, we can only give the general report of the field, namely, that the dogs from the Western district were evidently superior. During the day, the company were highly gratified and amused by the dexterity of one of the gentlemen's servants at hare finding, he having within the space of two miles, in less than two hours, found six hares in their seats, an astonishing instance of proficiency in one of the most difficult of the sportsman's qualifications.

MANY of the horses and hounds at Thornville Royal lately sold at prices beyond belief.—Esterhazy for about 1100gs; one gelding, to be sure a very uncommon horse, at above 600gs; a one yearling filly, 115gs; hounds 20gs a couple, drafts; and any sum offered for the lap-dog beagles, by three or four gentlemen: pointers and greyhounds in the same way. Query—Who bought them?

ORDERS having been lately received from the Duke of Buccleugh, to destroy the numerous herd of deer which have for six or seven centuries ranged free as air, over the extensive forest of Bowland, formerly under the protection of the Lacies and Plantagenets; two unfortunate inhabitants of this wild and mountainous territory, having traversed into the fertile vale of Lonsdale, one of them was chased by the hounds of W. B. Bradshaw, Esq. of Halton Hall, a short time since, and afforded excellent sport, for two hours, having crossed the Lune six times, and was at last caught at the Crook, in sixteen feet depth of water. The other was killed the day following by the same dogs, having also afforded much diversion.

THE Epping stag-hounds are given up by Mr. Mellish, and the rest of the hunt; so that no hounds of that description are now kept on the forest.

MR. HARDINGE Newman has parted with his celebrated pack of Essex fox-hounds: Captain Conyers, of Copt Hall, has purchased them, and hunts the same country.

FRIDAY the 11th of October being the commencement of the Newcastle Hunt, for this season, a silver cup was run for on the town moor, two miles and a half, by eight hunters, rode by gentlemen, and was won by a hunter belonging to Martin Morrison, Esq. On Saturday the 12th a match was run on the town moor, betwixt two hunters, belonging to Mr. Cookson and Mr. Liddle, each rode by its owner, for a pipe of wine, which was won by the latter gentleman.

MR. E. BAKER, of Rochester, was lately offered a bet of £10 that he could not wheel a wheel-barrow, which should be produced, from Rochester pump, to Eastgate stone pump, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, within five minutes; the bet was agreed to, the wheel-barrow sent for, and Mr. B. prepared for the trial of his strength and speed—After a few minutes had passed, the rolling vehicle with which the bet was to be decided, made its appearance, when, to the astonishment of the spectators, it proved to be a barrow purchased at a late fair for one of the children of the wag who proposed the bet. Mr. B. however set out on his expedition, but before he had proceeded twenty yards, fell down and broke both the barrow and his knees, and lost his wager.

A CURIOUS pedestrian wager was won on Saturday the 19th of October, by Mr. Frazer, a gentleman residing in Piccadilly, who betted ten guineas that he would walk from the Cadogan hotel, Sloane-street, and lay his hand on the ninth mile stone, on the Harrow road within one hour. He accordingly started, and proceeded through Hyde Park to Paddington, where he drank a bottle of wine, after which he turned off to Lisson Green, and laying his hand on the mile stone, by the road side, declared he had performed his wager ten minutes within the time allowed. From the remarkable circumstance of the mile stones counting from Harrow to town, which is not generally the case on the roads about London, Mr. Frazer's opponent was deceived; he expected the former would walk to Harrow; but on observing the ninth mile stone, as before described, he acknowledged the bet was fairly won.

EXTRAORDINARY speed.—During the present month, Thomas Pinn, carpenter, of Sidmouth, engaged for a wager of five guineas, to run from that place to the Castle yard, in Exeter, and back again, in five hours, a distance of thirty-two miles, over a hilly country. He started precisely at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at the Castle gate, in Exeter, ten minutes before eight, performing the first sixteen miles in one hour and fifty minutes, and returned again to Sidmouth three quarters of an hour within the time allowed.

A FEW days since a foot race of a mile on the race course, Haverfordwest, for a trifling wager, was run between a barber and a gentleman's servant. The latter was obliged, though a corpulent man, to carry 84lbs dead, to equal the living weight of the barber, who having a *keen edge*, started in high style, and promised to *mow* down every thing before him; but when near the goal, the knight of the rainbow shewed great bottom, made a dashing effort, and brushing by his opponent with incredible celerity, left the disappointed shaver in the *suds*.

PEDESTRIAN wager.—A gentleman of the name of Marlow, residing

ing in Wigmore-street, undertook for a wager of twenty guineas, to go to the 13th mile stone on the Bath road, from Piccadilly, and return to Hyde-park-corner, a distance of 26 miles, in four hours. He started on Wednesday, the 23d inst. at seven o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Hounslow at 32 minutes past eight. He returned to the same place at 36 minutes past nine, having one hour and 52 minutes left to perform the other ten miles, which was twenty minutes more time than what he did it in going out. He was an hour going the next five miles, and was so fatigued that he resigned the wager, having five miles more to perform in 52 minutes. Another person has undertaken to perform the distance in the given time, for a wager of 50gs.

DEATHS.—On the 8th instant, aged 71, John Wetherell, Esq. of Field-house, near Darlington, much esteemed, and one of the partners in the Durham and Darlington banks. He was a gentleman much respected on the Turf, and was owner of the well-known runners Amazon, Beamish, Windlestone, &c.

At Streatlam-castle, on the 29th ult. John Robinson, aged 98, groom to Lord Strathmore, at which place he had chiefly resided during the last 80 years, as servant to the present owners of the estate. Excepting the failure of his eye-sight, he retained his faculties to the last.

On Monday morning the 14th instant, in the prime of life, at his seat at Nostell Park, near Pontefract, Sir Rowland Winn, Bart.—He served the office of High-sheriff for the county of York, in 1799.—He was much attached to the Turf, and had some very promising young stock.

We have to announce the sudden death of J. Rooke, Esq. of Bigswear-house, Gloucestershire, a General of his Majesty's Forces, Colonel of the 38th regiment of foot, and member of parliament for Monmouthshire.—The circumstances attending his dissolution afford an awful lesson of the uncertainty of all human enjoyments. He was sporting on the Trellick hills, and had just fired at a bird, when he fell dead from his horse in an apoplexy.

As John Bennet, Esq. President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, was on a shooting party at Wemyss-castle, on the 10th inst. in the act of firing, his fowling piece burst and killed him on the spot. He was in the 49th year of his age.

A shocking accident happened at Eniskillen on the 27th ult.—As Captain Sir James Rivers, Bart. of the third dragoon guards, son of the late Sir Peter Rivers, Bart. of the city of Winchester, was out on a shooting party at Nixon-hall, in company with Captain Fancott and Captain Platt, of the 50th regiment, Sir James's gun accidentally went off, and killed him almost instantaneously. He came to the title by the death of his brother Sir Thomas, in February last? and is succeeded by his brother, now the Rev. Sir Henry Rivers, Bart.

A FEW days since, as Mr. Leander was out shooting at Lord Maynard's, in Essex, he was about to charge his gun after shooting a partridge, when the charge of powder by some unaccountable accident blew up, by which his hand was dreadfully injured.

MR. RICHARD WRIGHT, gamekeeper to Sir Wilfred Lawson, Bart. of Brayton-house, shot a woodcock, the first we have heard of this season. This is the same person who last year shot fourteen woodcocks in

in one day. In his first day's partridge shooting this season, he killed eighteen brace.

A PAIR of Canary birds, belonging to a young man at Darlington, have this season reared 24 young ones. The hen is only a yearly bird. She laid about 36 eggs.

ON Friday night, the 18th inst. the peace of Egham was disturbed by one of the most obstinate and long fought battles ever recorded in the annals of pugilism. The combatants were a man named Segary, and a private belonging to the Oxford Blues. They set too at a quarter past ten o'clock, and fought with the greatest obstinacy till five minutes past one, when victory declared in favour of the Blue, who, in point of muscular appearance, was a perfect Colossus to his adversary; he was nevertheless most severely bruised, and gained no other advantage than the honour of being declared victor!

AT the general quarter sessions for the Eastern division of Sussex, the Earl of Chichester, who presided on the first day, in his charge to the grand jury found occasion to notice the late prize-fighting in that neighbourhood, which he reprobated as a barbarous, idle, and disorderly practice; and observed, that it was the duty of all constables to be vigilant in their endeavours to suppress it, by giving the earliest information to magistrates of such assemblages, whenever they take place in their respective districts or hundreds.

BOXING.—A very hard pitched battle was lately fought on the first heath near Hounslow, between a pugilist of some note in the west country, known by the name of Black Jemmy, and a horse-dealer from Shropshire, of the name of Gurling. Jemmy fought with a gentleman's coachman, of the name of Flowers, some months since; and having prior to that beat many of those termed *good men*, he was considered a bruiser of no insignificant note. His present opponent was in company with him at Maidenhead a fortnight since, and being known there, he was prevailed upon to match himself for ten guineas to fight the black, who was teaching the ignorant in a neighbouring village. The contest was well maintained on both sides an hour and twenty minutes. Jemmy had the advantage during the whole of the time, but not so much as to enable the spectators to decide on the winner until an hour had expired. At this time Gurling was nearly blind, and threw away most of his blows, while his opponent rallied, and beat him a good deal about the body.—Jemmy was ultimately the conqueror, but not without exhibiting marks of many stubborn blows.

A GENTLEMAN of great fortune, at Brighton, took up a hand of cards with a gentleman of very high military command; for which honour he ultimately paid the moderate sum of £5000.

TWO most *resolute* duels *should* have taken place at Cheltenham a few days ago; but the *friends* of the parties are such *blabs*, or the magistrates of the district have such *quick* ears—that—neither of them had an *opportunity* of doing what they had no *inclination* to do.

MATCH against time.—A black poney, belonging to Mr. Bland, of Rothwell, was lately matched to run from Rothwell to York, and back again twice, being a distance of 96 miles, in 16 hours, which it performed with ease in 15¼ hours. The match was for £20 to £10 that

that he did not perform it. He carried $12\frac{1}{2}$ stone.

The operation of Bronchotomy, or making an aperture in the windpipe, was lately performed with great success, on a valuable colt, the property of W. H. Pomeroy, Esq. of Gerard's Cross, by Mr. Deane, veterinary surgeon, of Windsor. The colt was nearly suffocated by the pressure of an abscess at the top of the throat, when the above operation appeared the only means of saving his life: the tube which was introduced, and through which he breathed, not being able to breathe at all through his nostrils, was kept in the trachea about seven or eight days, when the abscess broke. The colt is now perfectly recovered.

A fatal instance of over exertion.—A match of cricket was played near Totteridge, Herts, on Friday the 18th instant, between two young men of the names of Gregg and Corderoy, which was so well contested, that in the first innings Gregg got 43 runs, being two less than his opponent. In the second innings Gregg was caught out after gaining 32 runs. Corderoy in the second innings had made seven runs, when he hit the ball a short distance and run, but on exerting himself to gain his wicket, he fell and expired.

Celerity of an Ass.—At the beginning of this month, Mr Irving, a Quaker, 70 years old, undertook to ride his ass from Lanercot to Carlisle, a distance of sixteen miles, in one hour and forty minutes; and, singular as it may appear, actually performed the journey in the space of one hour and seventeen minutes.

Rowing Matches.—On the forenoon of Monday the 30th of September, a long depending Rowing-match took place between Mr. Edward Humphries and a Mr. George Shepherd, two gentlemen of fortune, for a wager of a supper for ten persons, and a small bet beside, merely meant as a trial of skill. The parties were to row from the Surry side of Westminster bridge, to the Swan at Chelsea, and to start at eleven o'clock; they did so, and Shepherd soon got the lead, shooting the first over from Lambeth stairs to the Milbank shore: he kept at no very great distance a-head the whole of the way, and seldom has been a wager rowed for by two amateur gentlemen of the sculs so well contested. Shepherd came in in great stile, and was declared winner. He was immediately challenged by another gentleman rower to go over the same ground for a bet of twenty pounds, and give him three boats length a-head, which he accepted. —All the row gallies on the river were present, and some idea of their speed and skill may be formed when they performed the distance in 20 minutes, and that a four-oared galley well manned could not keep up with them.

The rowing match between Tims of Vauxhall, and James Kitley, of Westminster, took place on Monday the 7th instant. About three o'clock the parties started from the Old Swan, London Bridge. Kitley being the inside boat, got the start, and kept it until they arrived off Horse-shoe-alley. Tims then passed him, and shot a-head. A barge which was moored in the way, turned Kitley's boat round, which put an end to the contest. Every thing was in favour of the latter at starting, but, to the astonishment of his brother watermen, he was completely beaten. Isaac Wood, a man about 46 years of age, who outrowed Charles Westwood, of Vauxhall, about five years ago, challenged

to

to row against the winner, for any sum he pleased, and to choose his own time; but this spirited offer was refused.

Brighton, October 23.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent has been here on a visit to the Prince. We have had several reviews, but the most interesting exhibition has been an experiment made of the swimming machine invented by Baron Luttgendorf. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Count Beaujolais, Count Stahremberg, Lord and Lady Melbourn, Earl and Countess Cowper, Sir F. Baring, Major Bloomfield, and a number of others were present. The experiment was to be tried by a gentleman who could not swim at all; the prince therefore selected for that purpose, his adjutant, Baron Eben, who, though he was plunged for half an hour, several times, into the water, delivered on his coming out, to the Prince, a written paper perfectly dry, which had been concealed in a recess of the machine. The experiment succeeded beyond any belief, and was the admiration of all the spectators. The whole of the machine weighs but nine pounds, and takes but a very small space of room; admits of provisions for two days; and a person has all the power of either lying or standing upright.

On Thursday September 19, a soldier in the guards stationed at Deal, undertook for a trifling wager, to swim from opposite the barracks, at Deal, to Ramsgate, a distance of nearly eight miles, the sea at that time being very much agitated by the weather. To the astonishment of a numerous assemblage of spectators, he performed it with apparent ease to himself, though every wave seemed to bury him from the sight of the shore.

A Lady has lately made her appearance at one of our fashionable watering places, in the character of a *Naiad*. Her skill in the science of swimming has gained much admiration, and she has received the elegant appellation of the *Diving Belle*.

A marine spencer has been invented in cases of danger at sea.—The spencer is a girdle of canvas, 4 feet 6 inches long, and 18 inches broad, well stuffed with cork shavings; this is fastened loosely about the body, and to prevent its slipping too low, two strong tapes are brought over the shoulders, which fasten also with buckles. The first cost of this apparatus will not exceed five shillings; and, from many experiments made, it will effectually preserve any person from drowning. In cases of persons falling overboard, any one unacquainted with swimming, if furnished with a marine spencer, might safely leap after them and keep them from sinking, until a boat could be launched.

A truly singular animal, lately taken by some fishermen, of the isle of Man, is now exhibiting in Dublin. It is of a beautiful mottled colour, and has hair as fine as silk. It is called a Sea Lion, and resembles in every respect those caught by Captain Cooke's sailors in Karakaksoo Bay.

There was taken out of the craw of a moor bird, which was shot near Whitehaven, an astonishing quantity of heath, heath-berries, and moss-berries. The grass, with its flowers, as fresh as if still growing, and the berries quite perfect, not one of them being bruised, nor even any dampness in the whole mass, which filled a half pint, and weighed two ounces, after being exposed to the air for nearly three days.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE OLD HUNTER POUNDED.

AN ELEGY.

By Mr. A. Brown.

We can undertake to recommend the following effusion to our readers, for its peculiar pathos and poetical effect.—To this author's untutored genius we are indebted for the Letters upon Loquacity, the Descent of the Muses, and several other sprightly sallies of wit and humour; and though Mr. B's literary acquirements, in an age of refinement approaching to fastidiousness, may not procure him an enviable distinction among the modern votaries of the Muses—as a man, we have no doubt that the consciousness of integrity, filial affection, and other virtues that dignify the paths of humble life, will more than counterpoise that transitory adulation, too often the only lot to which genius is the heir.

PITY the suff'rings Lightfoot undergoes,
Nor let your tongue my wretched state deride;
Woes heap'd by men, my unrelenting foes,
Men who once gloried in my strength and pride.

This starving coat of mine shews much neglect,
This galled back, how hardly I've been us'd;
These stiff puff'd legs, what heats and colds effect,
These wounded sides, how much I've been abus'd.

These pointed hip bones on beholders stare,
These furrow'd sides my leanness too bespeak;
They tell how poor and scanty is my fare,
Which o'er the barren heath I'm forc'd to seek.

The tattling pack that caper'd round my feet,
Now stand aghast this meagre form to see;
Time was, their cry was more than music sweet,
Dear hounds! one meal you cannot make of me.

Yon green sward mead this morning took my eye,
Its pleasing aspect drew me from the plains;
I look'd to see if any guard was nigh,
And clear'd the fence to bask where plenty reigns.

I rang'd around, I cropt the luscious food,
A pamper'd menial saw me in his round;
He smack'd his whip, and, in relentless mood,
For lucre, drove me to this wretched pound.

Pity my suff'rings, give one lock of hay,
I faint with hunger, shiver too with cold;
I'm sported on by all the young and gay,
Is this fit treatment for th' infirm and old?

Of my short life should I the woes relate,
Your eyes would drop the sympathizing tear;
Your hands you'd lend such woes to terminate,
Woes grown too great for Lighfoot long to bear.

If chance, if fortune, let me not repine,
If fortune brought me to the state you see;
How many share a fortune hard as mine,
And end their days in grief and misery.

Rear'd in the lap of plenty and of ease,
I gambol'd sportive in a spacious park;
No other care than a young lord to please,
Whose pride and boast it was my speed to mark.

Each morn, his liv'ry servant drest with care
My supple limbs and silky shining vest;
Who, with his youthful lord the pride did share,
To see me rise in fame above the rest.

Cloth'd in a robe, where red with yellow vied,
Each morn for exercise I left my stall;
Like Harlequin, my active feats I tried,
And gain'd th' applauses of the great and small.

My glory spread throughout this fertile isle,
I won my thousands at Newmarket's race;
Was far renown'd for clearing gate or stile,
And wore the laurel in the joyous chase.

Ten thousand hover'd on my mighty name,
But, oh! hard fate, no longer then renown'd,
I tript, was strain'd, and thus eclips'd my fame,
I soon was sold for a poor hack unsound.

My various masters and my various woes,
My mem'ry will not let me now rehearse;
See, Hunchback there, my present owner goes,
Of mind and body, sure the most perverse.

The loaded panniers o'er my back he flings,
And mounts, unpitying still my sides to gall;
He goads, he checks, while in my ears he rings
His noisy calling's hoarse incessant brawl.

His cargo sold, an ale-house he'll not pass,
But ties me to a pole though reeking hot;
Shiv'ring I stand, debarr'd the common grass,
Whilst he at ease enjoys his pipe and pot.

Weak, spent with hunger, cas'd in mud and sweat,
I'm forc'd to roar at ev'ry step I take;
While up-and-down along the way I get,
My palpitating heart just fit to break.

Some feeling heart perhaps my neck may pat,
And say, " Poor Lightfoot better days has known;"
" Ah, blast him," Hunchback cries, " and what of that?
But I'm plagu'd with him, now he's skin and bone."

Worn out I am indeed—but see, in view,
The goal where all my grief will terminate;
This period seen, can still my strength renew,
Since so indulgent are the laws of fate.

Pity the suff'rings Lightfoot undergoes,
Nor let your tongue my wretched state deride;
Woes heap'd by men, my unrelenting foes,
Men, who once gloried in my strength and pride.

Stanbourne Redgwell, Essex, Oct. 10. A. B.

THE CRY OF THE MORN,

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

THE sly peeping dawn from the mountains appears,
Array'd in her mantle of grey,
While woodlands and copses, and thickets in tears
Await the bright monarch of day;
The hounds in rude accents of harmony join,
And hark to the sweet winding horn,
To the joys of the chase sullen sloth must resign,
While hark forward 's the cry of the morn.

To horse, my stout lads, and away to the field,
See Jowler and Trim lead the way,
There's Babbler and Tinker that never will yield,
With Smoker, old Snarler, and Tray;
They snuff the gale harder as onward they run,
Inspir'd by the sweet winding horn,
Halloo boys, she's started, the chase is begun,
And hark forward 's the cry of the morn.

From stubbles and pastures she takes to the heath,
The only remaining retreat,
But Jowler springs forward and marks her for death,
And lays the poor jade at his feet.
Now all is rude transport as homeward we bend,
And sweetly resounds the blithe horn,
Thus the pleasures of mortals can ne'er know an end.
While hark forward's the cry of the morn.

THE DONKEY.

A BRIGHTON EFFUSION.

LET Billy tax the useful horse,
Or that which runs o'er Brighton Course;
Untax'd I'll ride, and sing this song,
Come John, and whip my ass along!

Let sweet Sir Fribble laugh and joke me.
And country bumpkins grin and smoke me;
Untax'd I'll ride, and sing this song,
Come John, and whip my ass along!

Their jeers I mind not as a rush,
My veil will hide the maiden blush;
I'll still ride on, and sing this song,
Come John, and whip my ass along!

BALLAD.

BE it known to all those whomso'er it regards,
That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;
And from Ida to Grub-street the muses who follow
Are each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo.
Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
Or the spheres, or a jew's harp, we're all on a par;
Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the ancients were? —great things they talk'd,
How they rode upon Pegasus—that's to say, walk'd—
That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot,
The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret,
And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,
Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,
Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
But Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,
Some argue'd on one leg, and some upon two,
To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
For it's certainly clear I'm a peripatetic.
Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other,
Old songs, such as mine are, will nobody buy?
Come, Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Historic

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon, wine,
Great Cicero argued to ev'ry man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad.
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out,
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

THE SPRIG OF SHELELAGH.

OH! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shelelagh and shamroc so green;
His heart is right honest, he's open and sound,
No malice or envy is there to be fonnd;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
He loves, oh! he loves, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shelelage and shamroc so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,
An Irishman all in his glory is there,
With his sprig of shelelagh and shamroc so green.
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
Comes out, meets his friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shelelagh and shamroc so green.

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows,
From a sprig of shelelagh and shamroc so green;
He meets with his Shelagh, who frowning a smile,
Cries get you gone, Pat, yet consents all the while:
To church they soon go, and nine months after that
A young baby cries how do you do, father Pat?
With your sprig of shelelagh and shamroc so green.

Success to the land that gave Patrick his birth,
To the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow sprigs of shelelagh and shamroc so green;
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Thrash the foes that would plant on their confines a cannon;
United and happy at Liberty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shelalagh and shamroc so green.

UPON THE LATE MR. DAWSON.

FROM THE YORK HERALD.

WHILE honest Frank Dawson has giv'n up the ghost,
The good Matthew Dodsworth comes blown to the post.
Alas! what avails all our training and feeding
When a check so uncivil is put to—good breeding.
But life is a course, and whatever our pace,
When death drops the flag, there's an end of the race:
But the grave to the racer renews his life past,
For the turf had him first, and the turf has him last.
Then no more at the Irishman's toast let us wonder,
"Long life to the turf, whether over or under.

THE SOD.